№ **M. 373.31

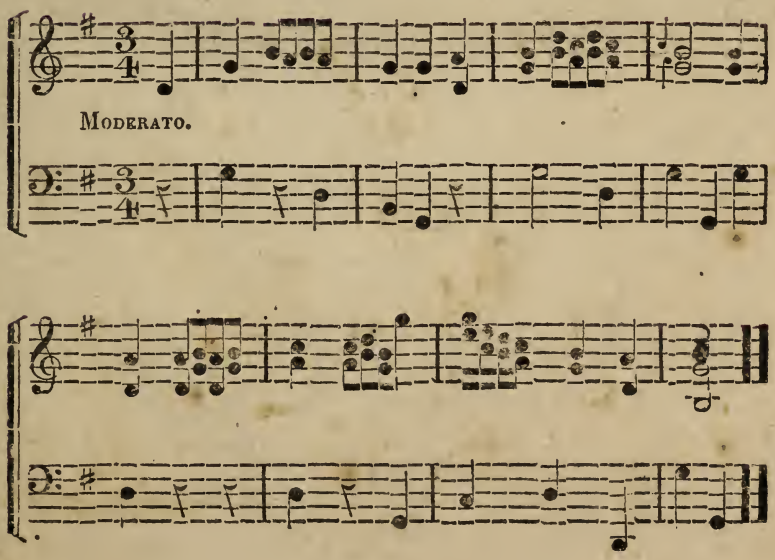
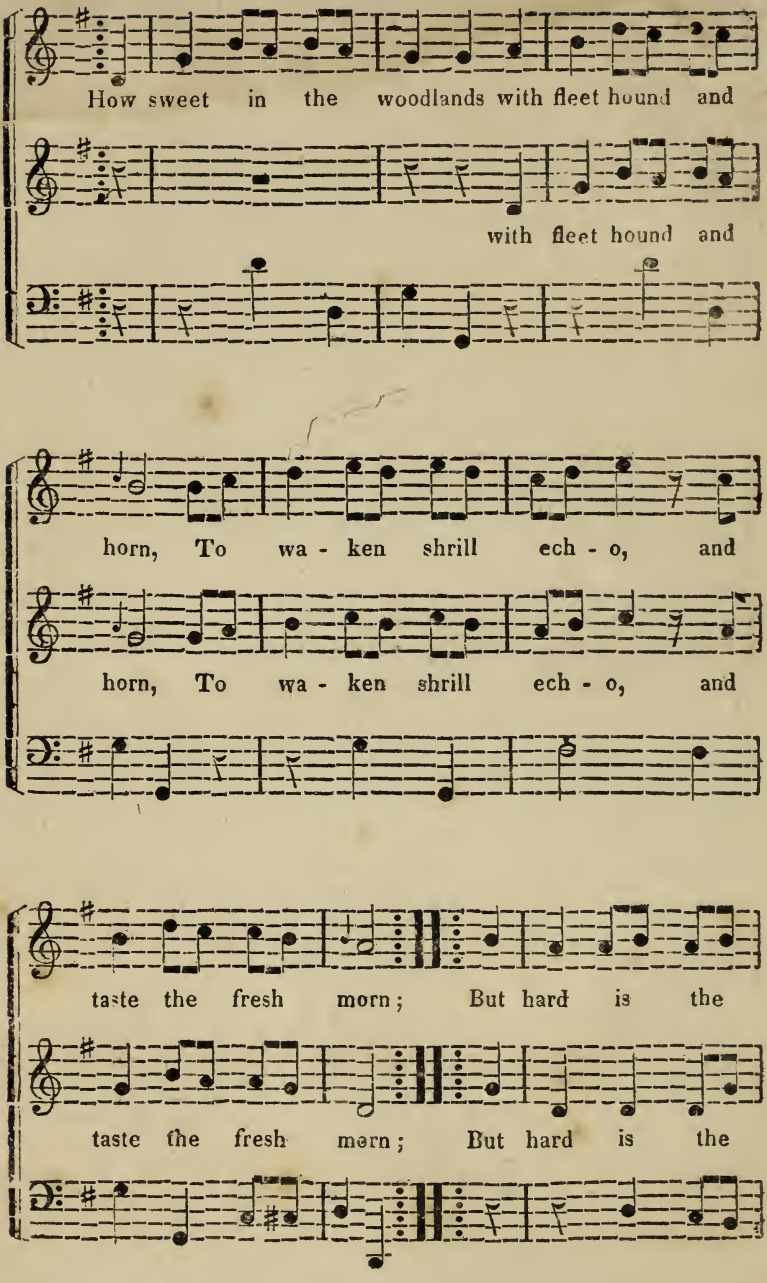
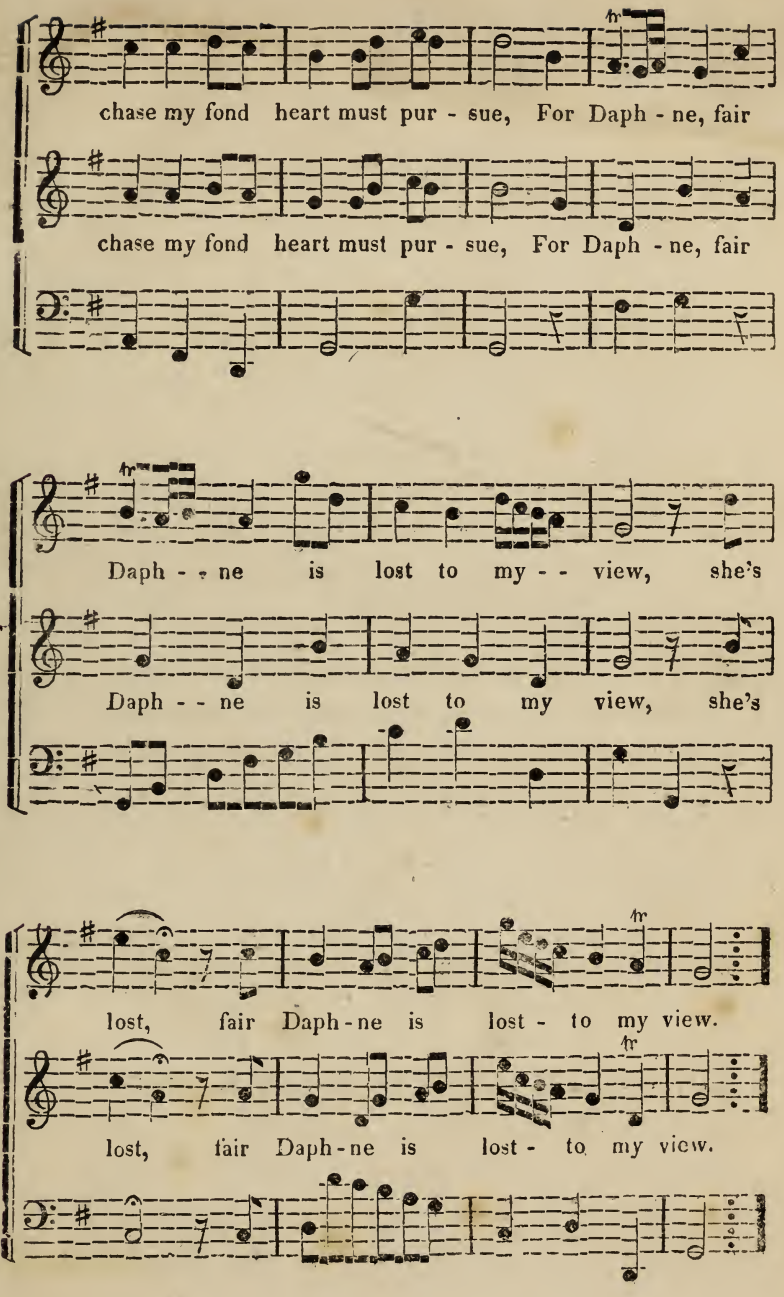
Bought with the income of

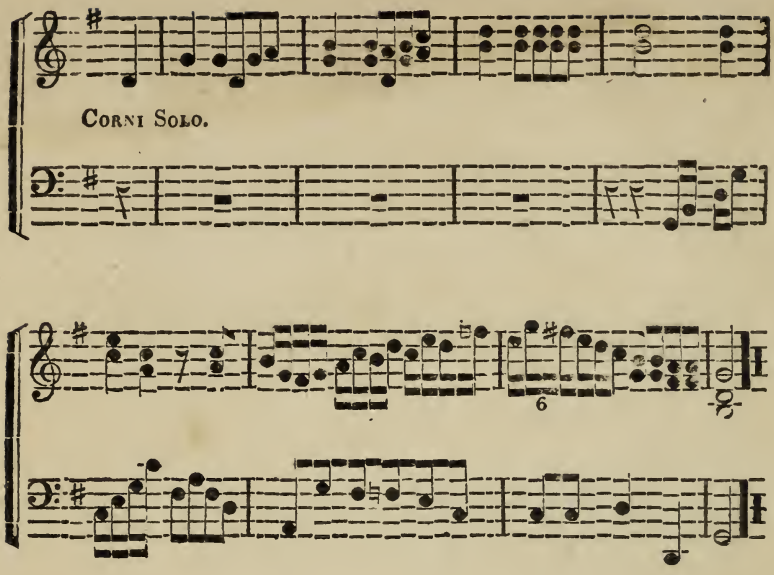
the Scholfield bequests.

**11.373.31
Schol.
April 12. 1898.
K.

THE MUSICAL CABINET.

THE WOODLANDS.

A FAVOURITE DUET.

How sweet in the woodlands with fleet hound and
with fleet hound and
horn, To wa - ken shrill ech - o, and
horn, To wa - ken shrill ech - o, and
taste the fresh morn; But hard is the
taste the fresh morn; But hard is the

chase my fond heart must pur - sue, For Daph - ne, fair
chase my fond heart must pur - sue, For Daph - ne, fair
Daph - - ne is lost to my - - view, she's
Daph - - ne is lost to my view, she's
lost, fair Daph-ne is lost - to my view.
lost, fair Daph-ne is lost - to my view.



1.

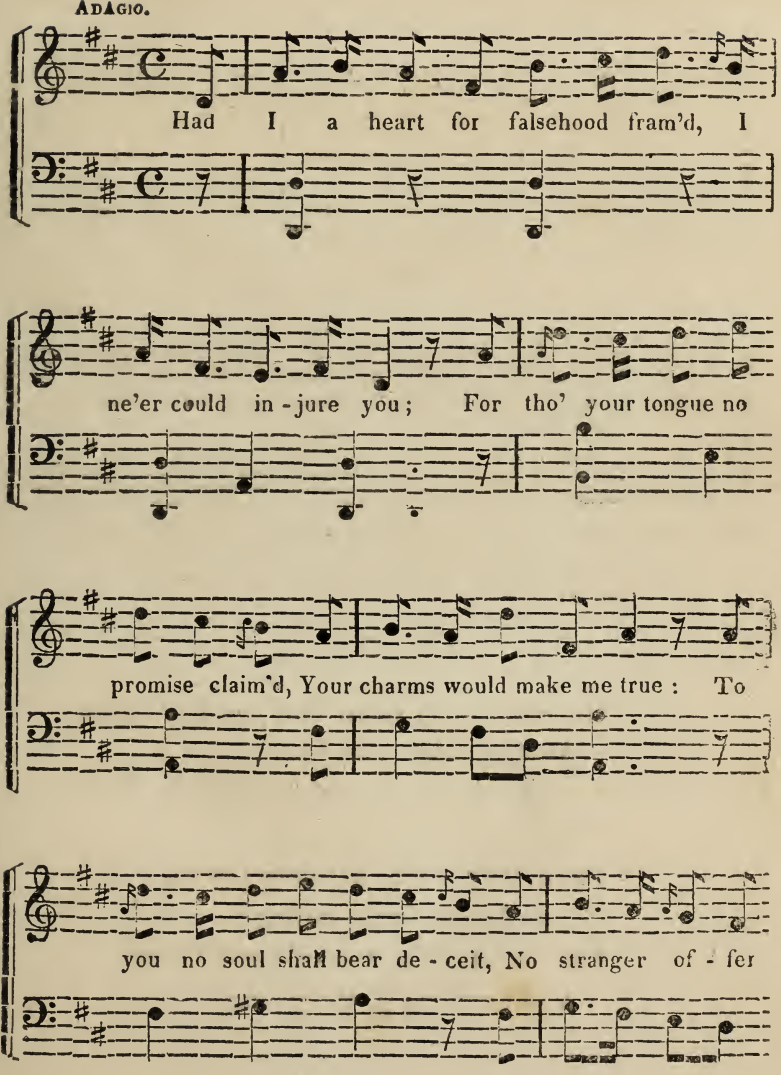
How sweet in the woodlands, with fleet hound and horn,
To waken shrill echo, and taste the fresh morn;
But hard is the chase my fond heart must pursue,
For Daphne, fair Daphne, is lost to my view.

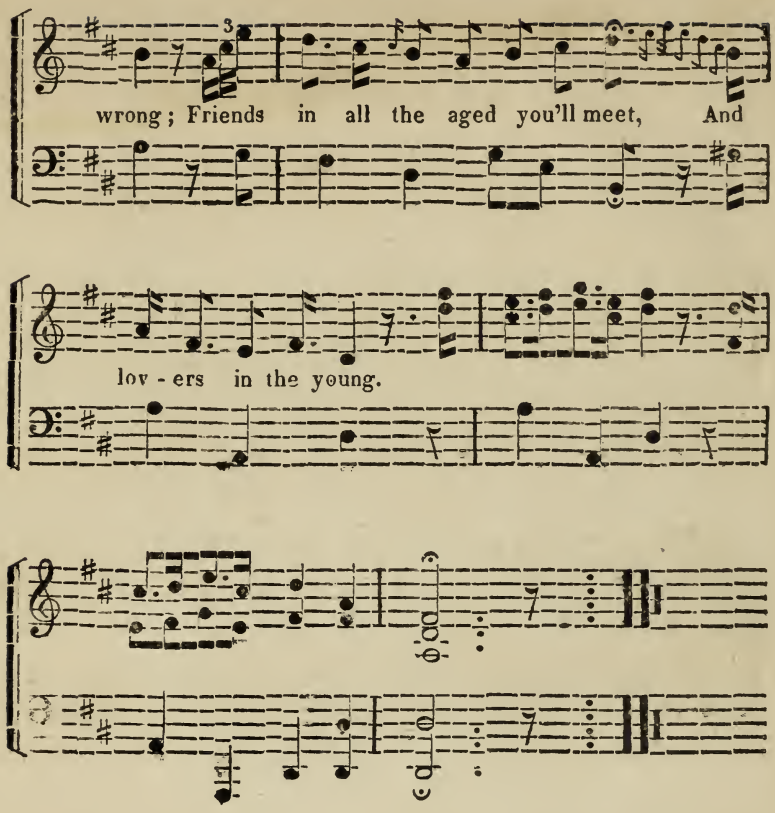
2.

Assist me, chaste Dian, the nymph to regain,
More wild than the roe-buck, and wing'd with disdain,
In pity o'ertake her, who wounds as she flies;
Tho' Daphne's pursu'd, 'tis Myrtillo that dies.

HAD I A HEART.

A FAVOURITE AIR.


ADAGIO.
Had I a heart for falsehood fram'd, I
ne'er could in-jure you; For tho' your tongue no
promise claim'd, Your charms would make me true: To
you no soul shall bear de-ceit, No stranger of-fer

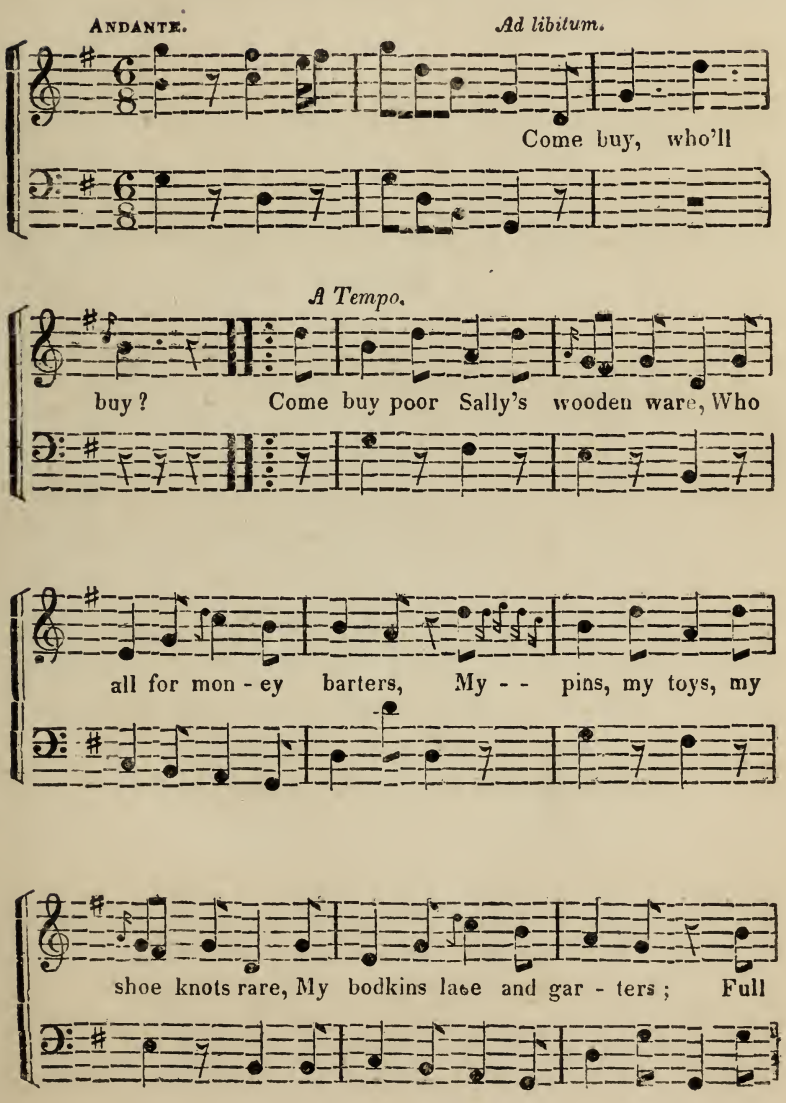
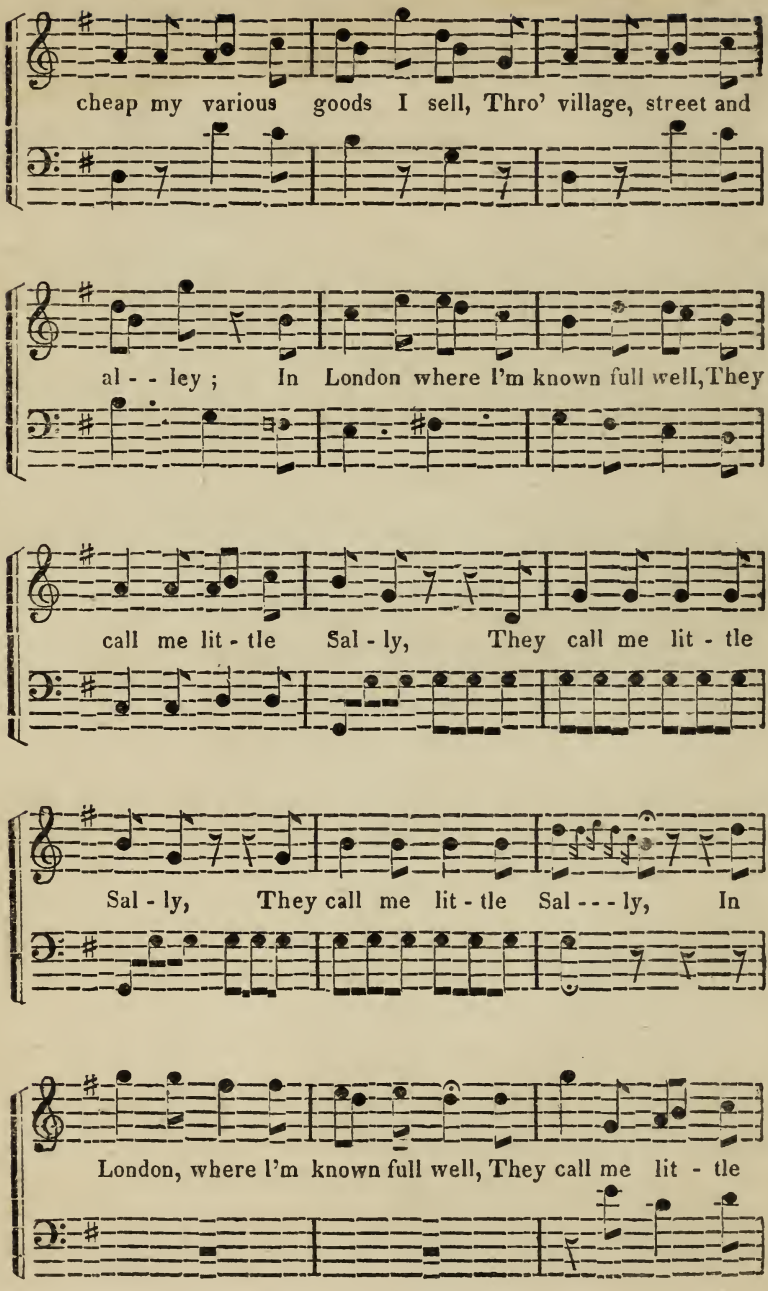


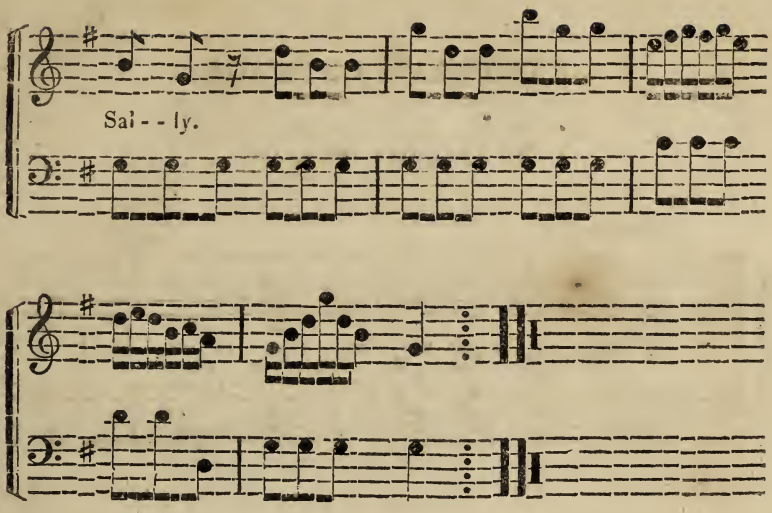
2.

But when they learn that you have blest
Another with your heart,
They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
And act a brother's part:
Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
Nor fear to suffer wrong;
For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
And brothers in the young.

LITTLE SALLY.

AN ENGLISH AIR.


Andante.
Ad libitum.
Come buy, who'll
A Tempo.
buy? Come buy poor Sally's wooden ware, Who
all for mon - ey barters, My - - pins, my toys, my
shoe knots rare, My bodkins lace and gar - ters; Full

cheap my various goods I sell, Thro' village, street and
al - - ley ; In London where I'm known full well, They
call me lit - tle Sal - ly, They call me lit - tle
Sal - ly, They call me lit - tle Sal - - - ly, In
London, where I'm known full well, They call me lit - tle



1.

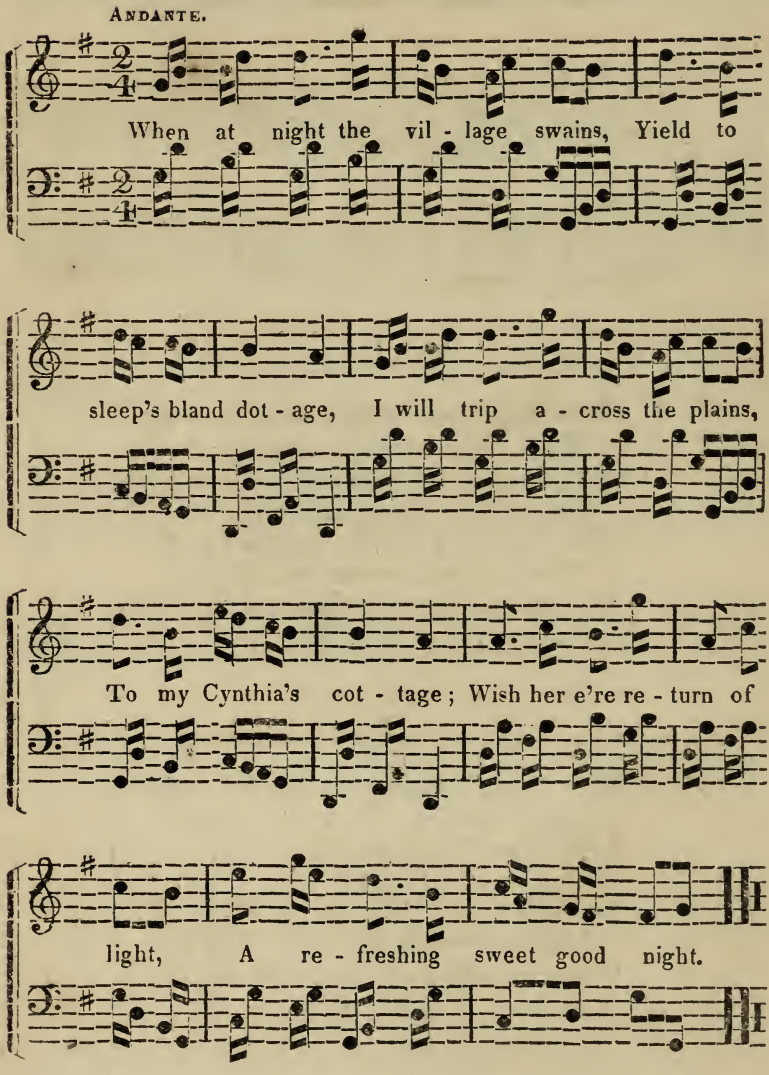
Come buy poor Sally's wooden ware,
Who all for money barters;
My pins, my toys, my shoe-knots rare,
My bodkins, lace, and garters:
Full cheap my various goods I sell,
Thro' village, street, and alley;
In London, where I'm known full well,
They call me little Sally.

3.

Now thus from town to town I stray,
Light hearted, free from sorrow;
And when I eat my meal to day,
I care not for to morrow:
So ne'er again I'll London see,
But range each hill and valley;
Come, spend a trifle, sir, with me,
And think on little Sally.

CYNTHIA'S COTTAGE.

AN AMERICAN SERANADE.


ANDANTE.
When at night the vil - lage swains, Yield to
sleep's bland dot - age, I will trip a - cross the plains,
To my Cynthia's cot - tage; Wish her e're re - turn of
light, A re - freshing sweet good night.

1.

When at night the village swains
Yield to sleep's bland dotage,
I will trip across the plains
To my Cynthia's cottage;
Wish her, ere return of light,
A refreshing sweet good night.

2.

Sleeping angel! may no fear
Your repose encumber,
For my passion is sincere,
E'en when wrapt in slumber,
And in dreams I oft times swear,
Constancy to thee, my fair.

3.

When stars twinkle in the skies,
With a keener brightness,
I oft meet her radiant eyes,
Thro' the moss clad lattice;
And then steal a parting kiss,
That my senses whelms in bliss.

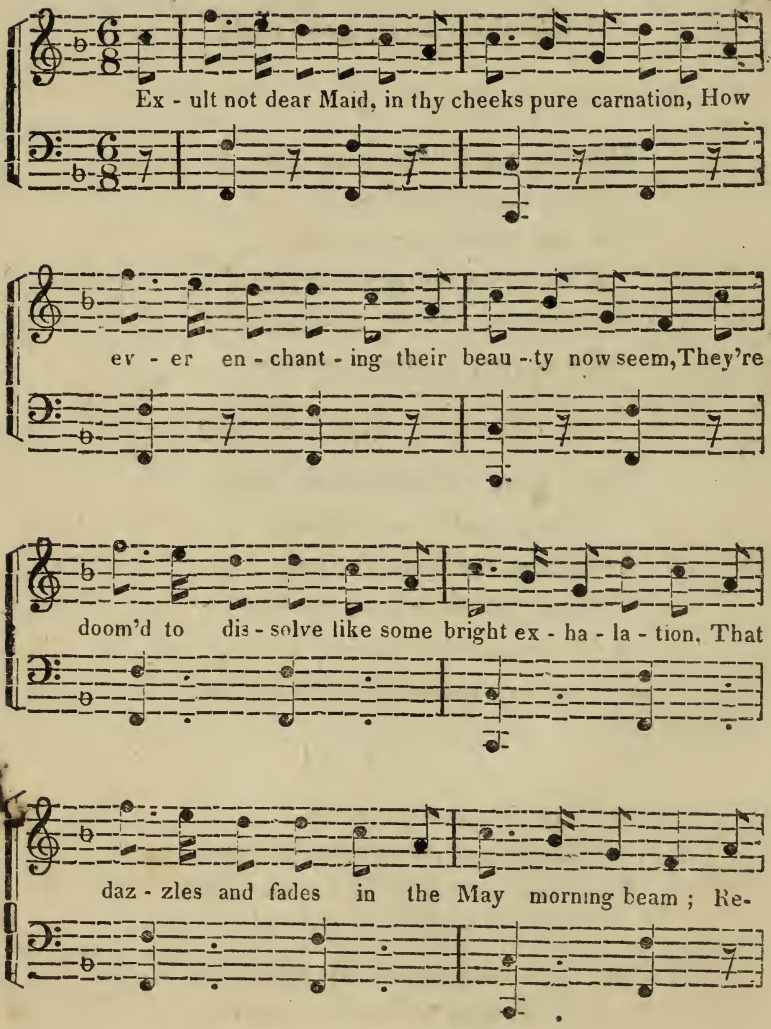
4.

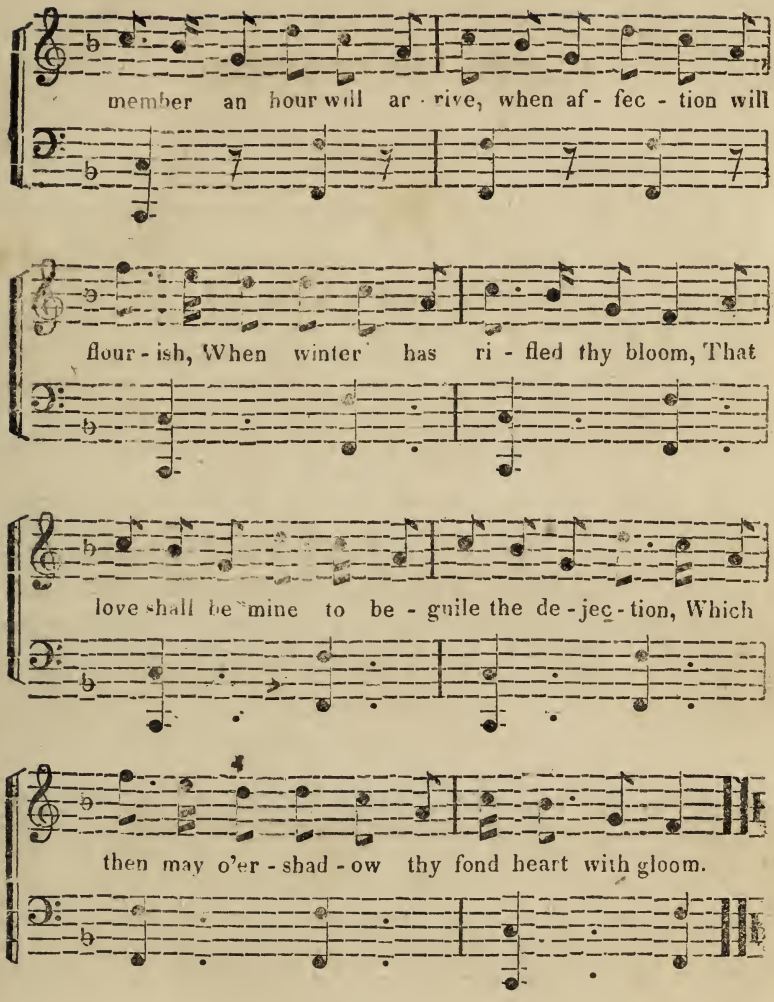
O! then I can sink to rest!
Round me joys are hov'ring;
Feel more tranquil, feel more blest,
Than the greatest sov'reign;
All his treasures, all his might,
I'd not take for such a night.

EXULT NOT DEAR MAID.

A BALLAD.

ALLEGRETTO.

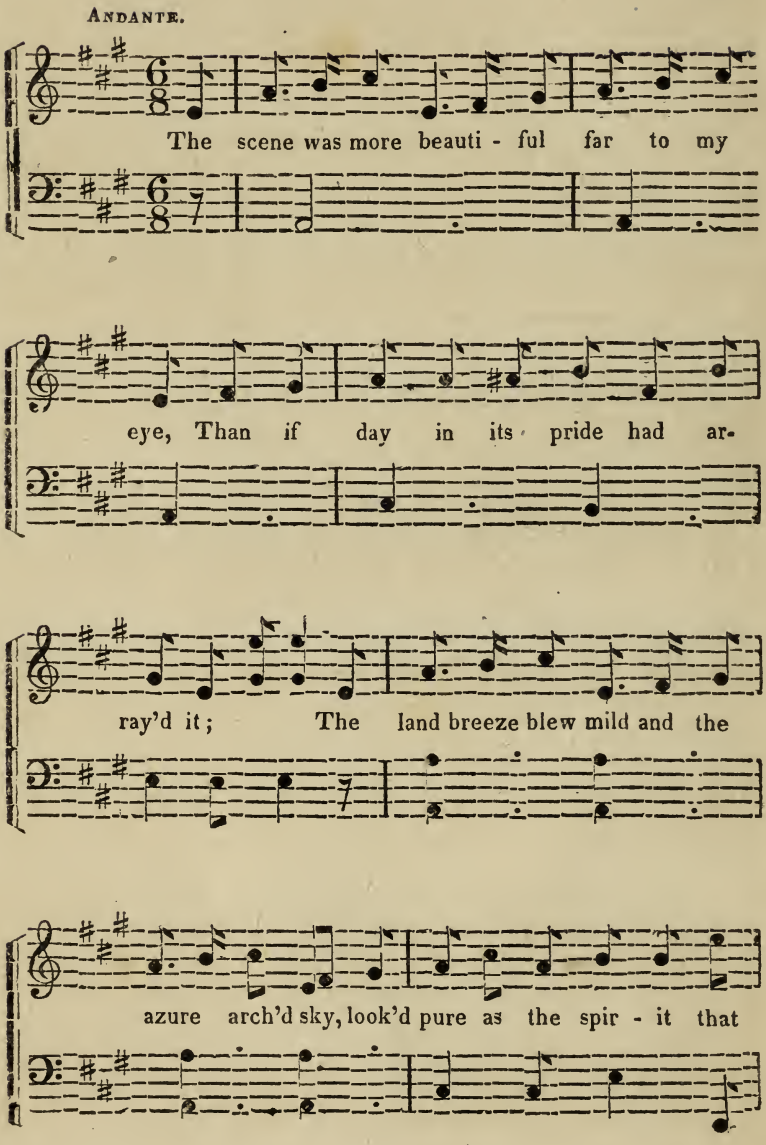

Ex - ult not dear Maid, in thy cheeks pure carnation, How
ev - er en - chant - ing their beau - ty now seem, They're
doom'd to dis - solve like some bright ex - ha - la - tion, That
daz - zles and fades in the May morning beam ; Re-

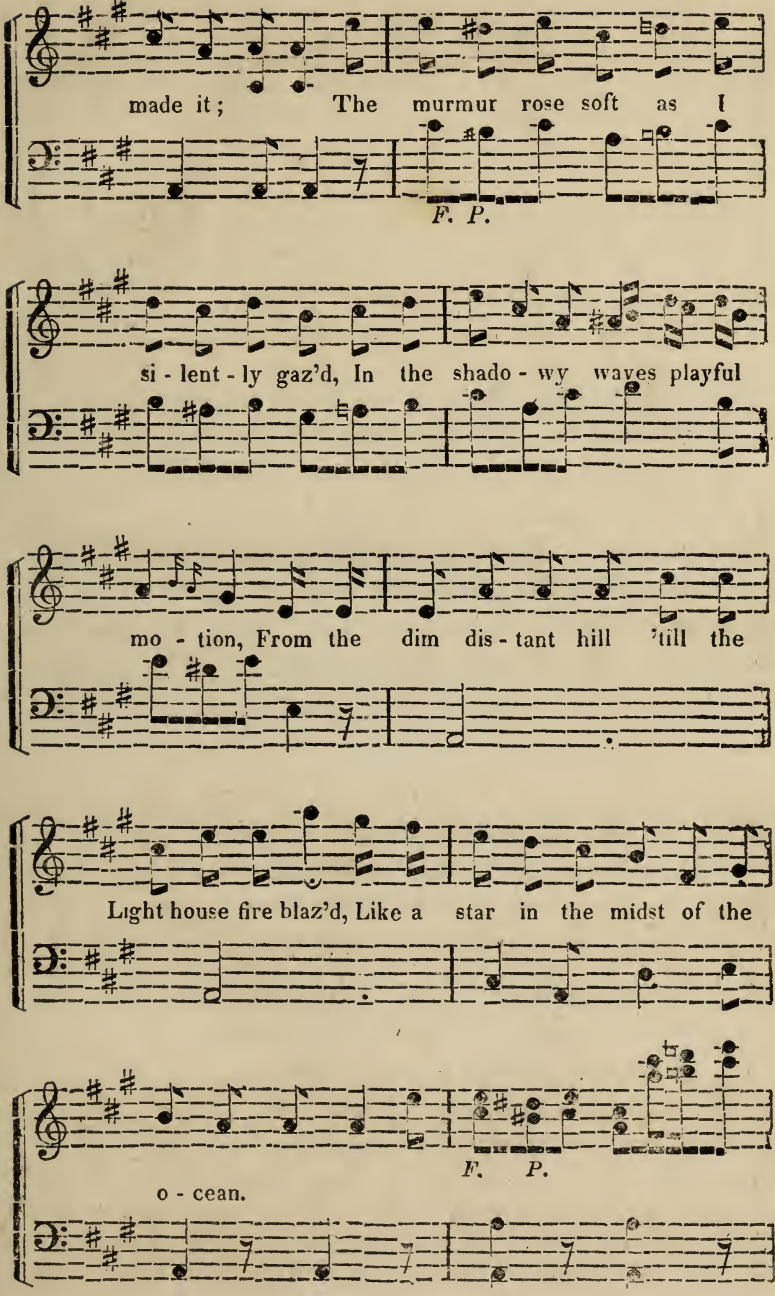
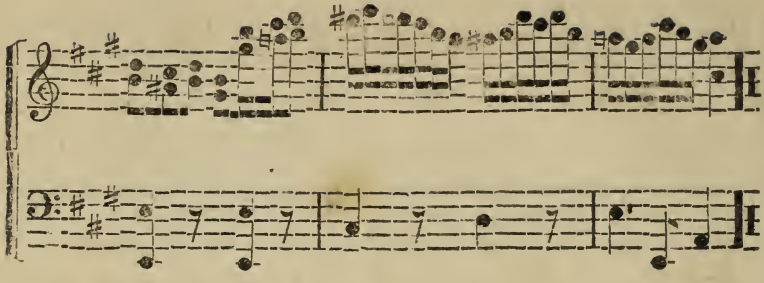

member an hour will ar - rive, when af - fec - tion will
flour - ish, When winter has ri - fled thy bloom, That
love shall be mine to be - guile the de - jec - tion, Which
then may o'er - shad - ow thy fond heart with gloom.

2.

Acknowledge the truth that awaken this feeling,
Which springs from a bosom devoted to thee;
The virtues thy mind every hour is revealing.
Have far greater charms than thy beauty for me:
Believe me the love which so calmly reposes
On purity's bosom, will ne'er wish to roam;
Thy smile, like the sun that illumines the roses,
Will keep him forever in fondness at home.

THE LIGHT-HOUSE.


Andante.
The scene was more beauti - ful far to my
eye, Than if day in its pride had ar-
ray'd it; The land breeze blew mild and the
azure arch'd sky, look'd pure as the spir - it that


made it; The murmur rose soft as I
F. P.
si - lent - ly gaz'd, In the shado - wy waves playful
mo - tion, From the dim dis - tant hill 'till the
Light house fire blaz'd, Like a star in the midst of the
F. P.
o - cean.

2.

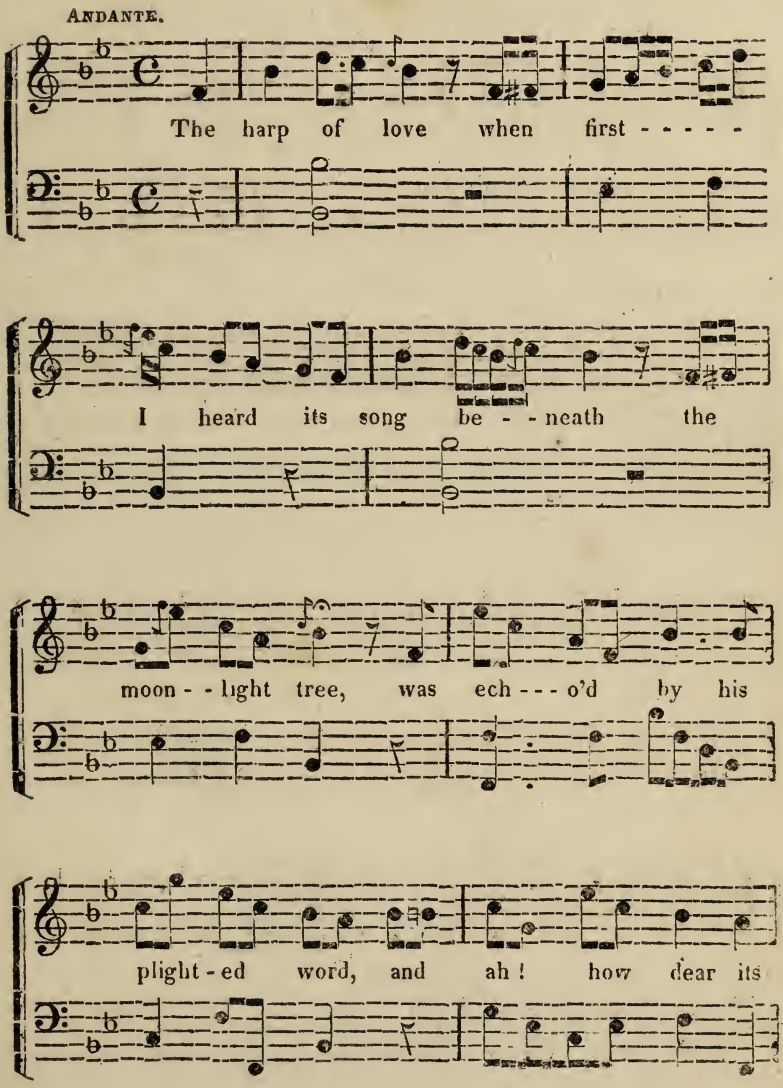
No longer the joy of the sailor boy's breast,
Was heard in his wildly breath'd numbers,
The sea-bird had flown to her wave girdled nest,
The fisherman sunk to his slumbers.
One moment I look'd from the hill's gentle slope,
All hush'd was the billow's commotion,
And tho't that the light-house look'd lovely as hope,
That star of life's tremulous ocean.

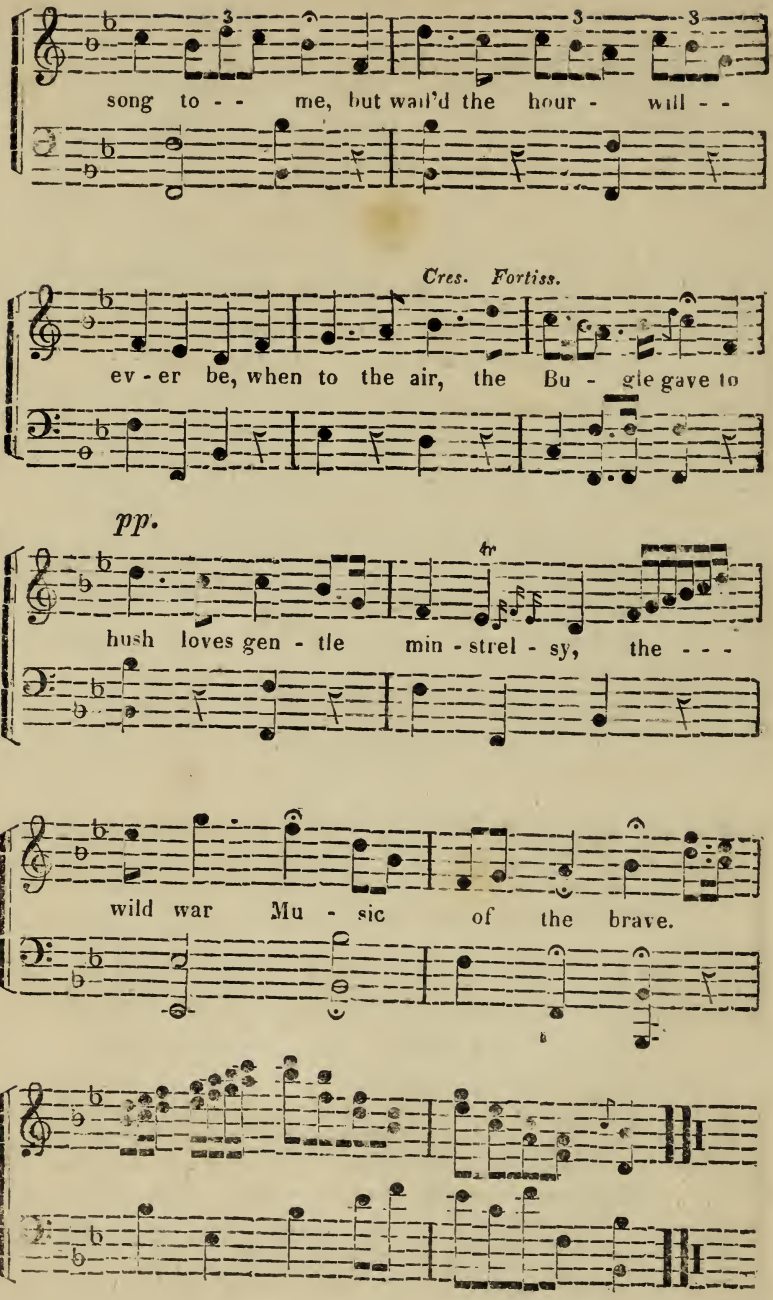
3.

The time is long past and the scene is afar,
Yet, when my head rests on its pillow,
Will memory sometimes rekindle the star,
That blazed on the breast of the billow.
In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies,
And death stills the heart's last emotion;
O then may the seraph of mercy arise,
Like a star on eternity's ocean.

THE HARP OF LOVE.

A FAVOURITE AIR.


ANDANTE.
The harp of love when first - - - - -
I heard its song be - - neath the
moon - - light tree, was ech - - - o'd by his
plight - ed word, and ah! how dear its

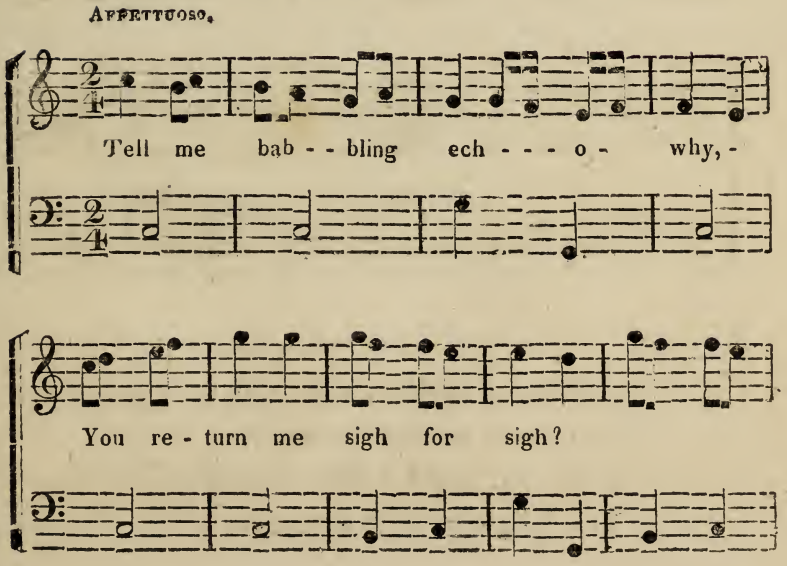

song to - - me, but wail'd the hour - will - -
Cres. Fortiss.
ev - er be, when to the air, the Bu - gle gave to
pp.
hush loves gen - tle min - strel - sy, the - - -
wild war Mu - sic of the brave.

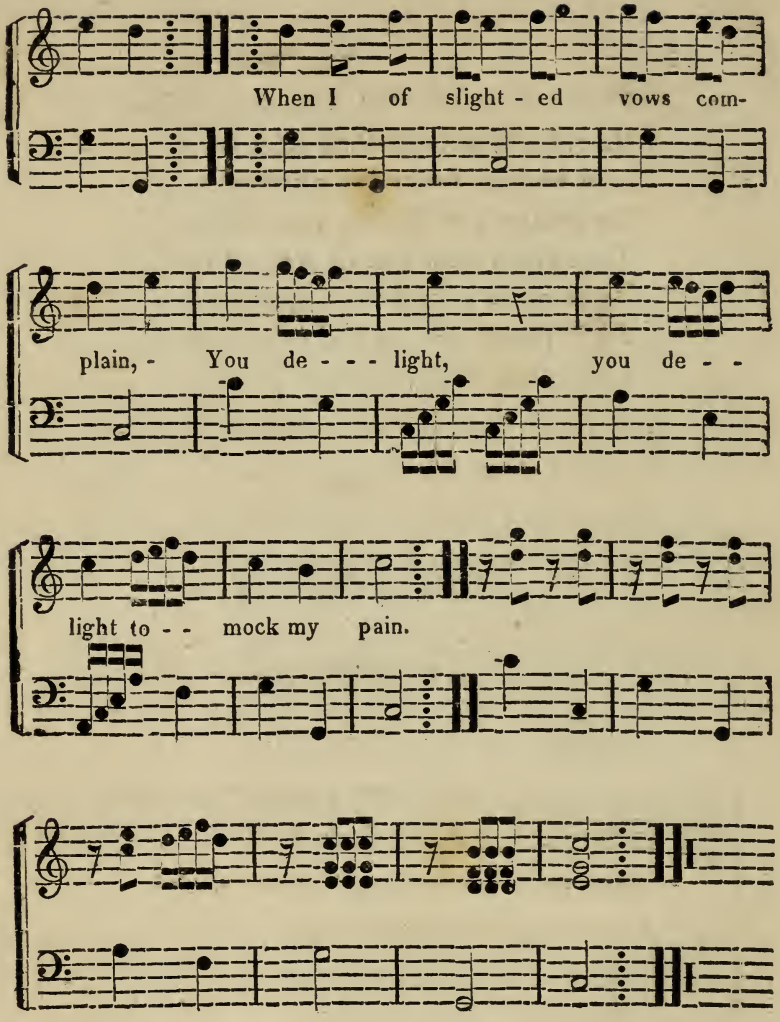
3.

For he hath heard its sounds, and now
Its voice is sweeter than mine own,
And he hath broke the plighted vow,
He breathed to me and love alone,
That Harp hath lost its wanted tone,
No more its strings his fingers move,
Ah! would that he had only known
The Music of the Harp of love.

THE REQUEST.

A FAVOURITE AIR.





1.

TELL me babbling echo why;
You return me sigh for sigh?
When I of slighted vows complain,
You delight to mock my pain.

2.

Bold intruder night and day,
Busy tell-tale, hence away;
Me, and my cares, in silence leave;
Come not near me whilst I grieve.

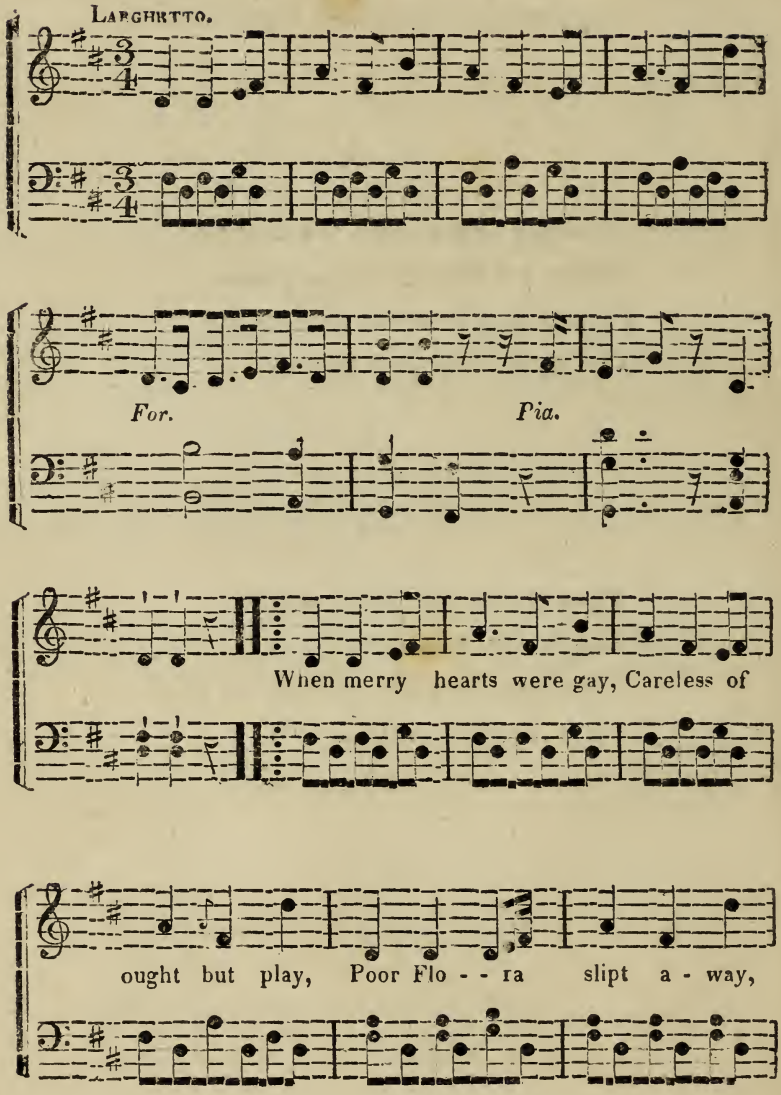
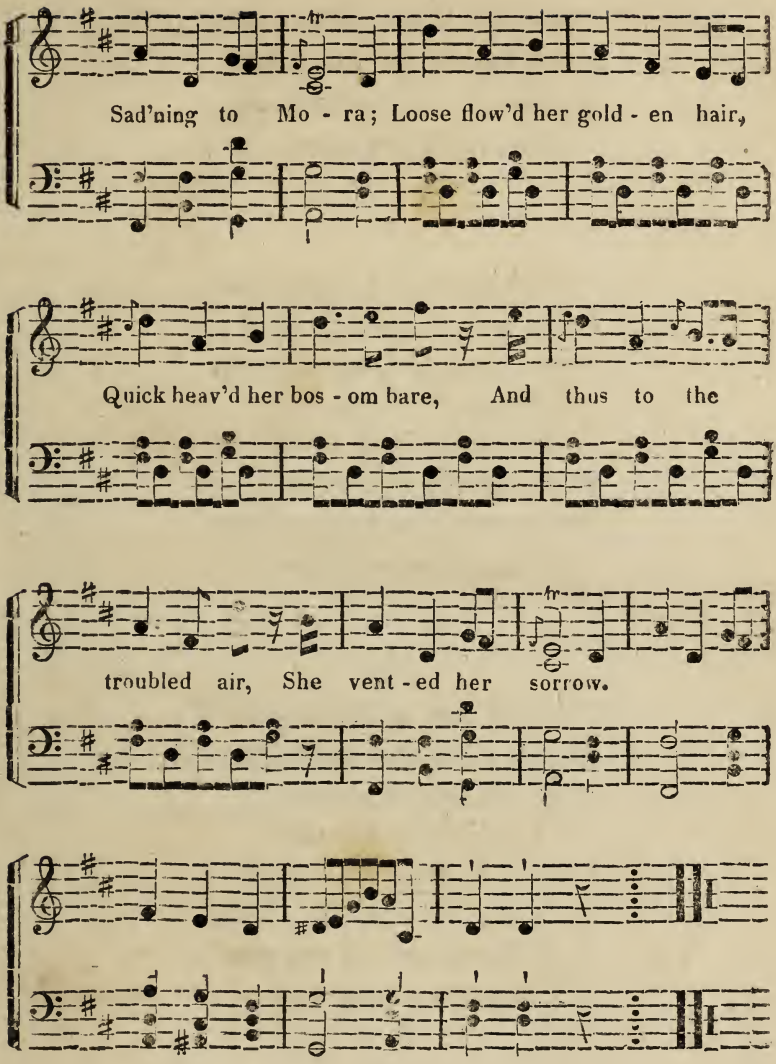
3.

But if my swain in all his charms,
Return to bless my longing arms,
I'll call thee from thy dark retreat,
The joyful tidings to repeat.

4.

Then repeat, repeat thy strain,
Tell it o'er, and o'er again;
From morn to night prolong the tale,
Let it ring from vale to vale.

DONALD AND FLORA.

A SCOTCH AIR.



1.

When merry hearts were gay,
Careless of ought but play,
Poor Fiora slipt away,
Sad'ning to Mora;

Loose flow'd her yellow hair,
Quick heav'd her bosom bare,
As thus, to the troubled air,
She vented her sorrow.

2.

"Loud howls the stormy west,
Cold, cold, is winter's blast;
Haste, then, O Donald, haste,
Haste to thy Flora!
Twice twelve long months are o'er,
Since, on a foreign shore,
You promis'd to fight no more,
But meet me in Mora.

3.

"Where now is Donald dear?"
(Maids cry with taunting sneer;)
"Say, is he still sincere
"To his lov'd Flora?"
Parents upbraid my moan,
Each heart is turn'd to stone;
Ah! Flora, thou'rt now alone,
Friendless in Mora!

4.

"Come, then, O come away!
Donald, no longer stay!
Where can my rover stray
From his lov'd Flora;

Ah, sure he ne'er can be
False to his vows and me:
Oh heav'n!—is not yonder he
Bounding o'er Mora?"

5.

"Never, ah wretched fair!
(Sigh'd the sad messenger)
Never shall Donald mair
Meet his lov'd Flora!
Cold as yon mountain's snow,
Donald, thy love, lies low;—
He sent me to soothe thy woe,
Weeping in Mora.

6.

"Well sought our gallant slain
On Saratoga's plain;
Thrice fled the hostile train
From British glory,
But, ah! tho' our foes flee,
Sad was each victory;
Youth, love, and loyalty,
Fell far from Mora.

7.

"Here, take this love-wrought plaid,
(Donald, expiring, said)
Give it to yon dear maid
Drooping in Mora:

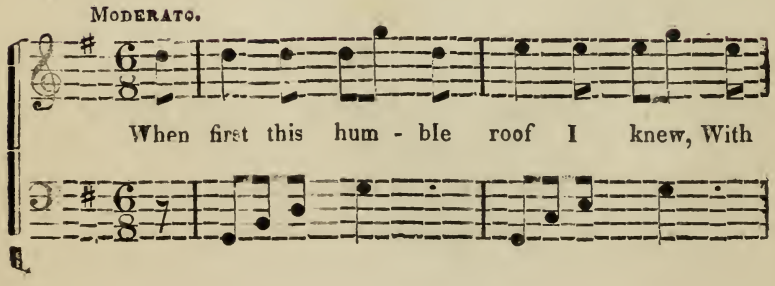
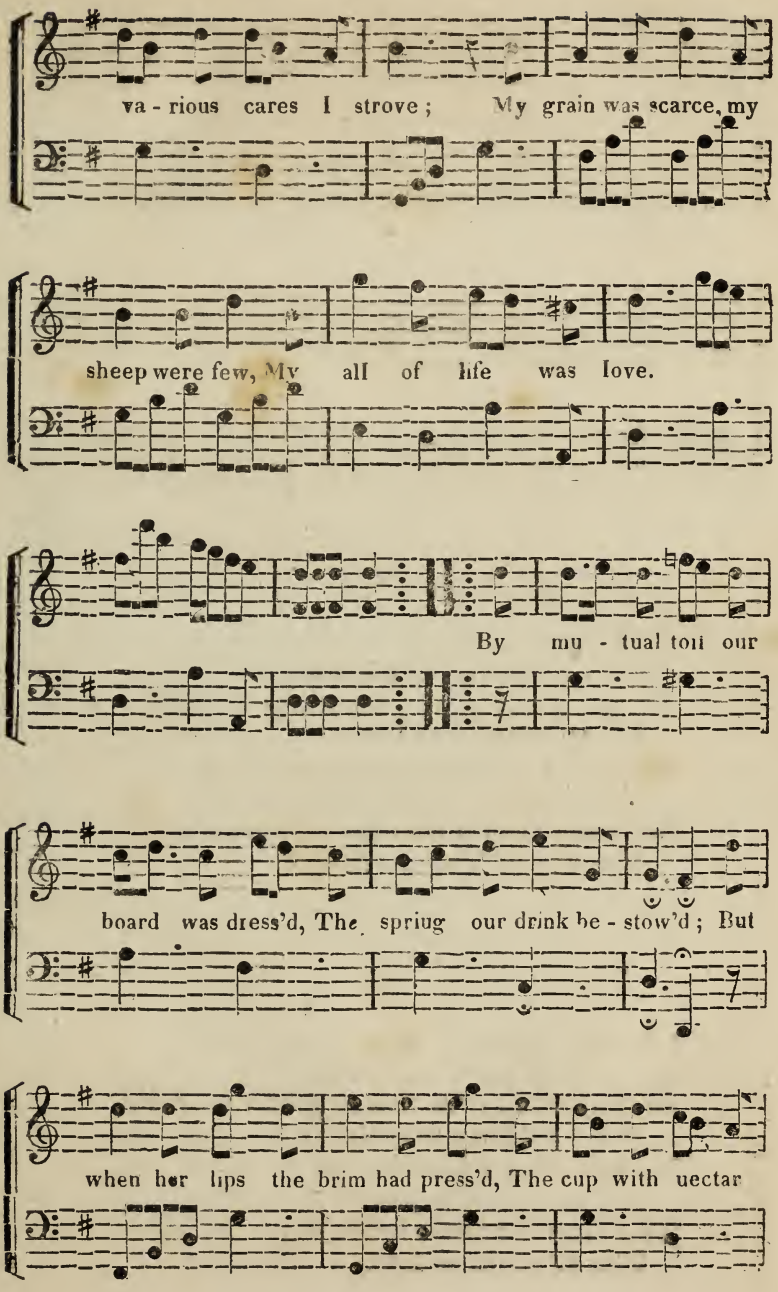
Tell her, Oh Allan! tell
Donald thus bravely fell,
And that in his last farewell
He thought on his Flora."

8.

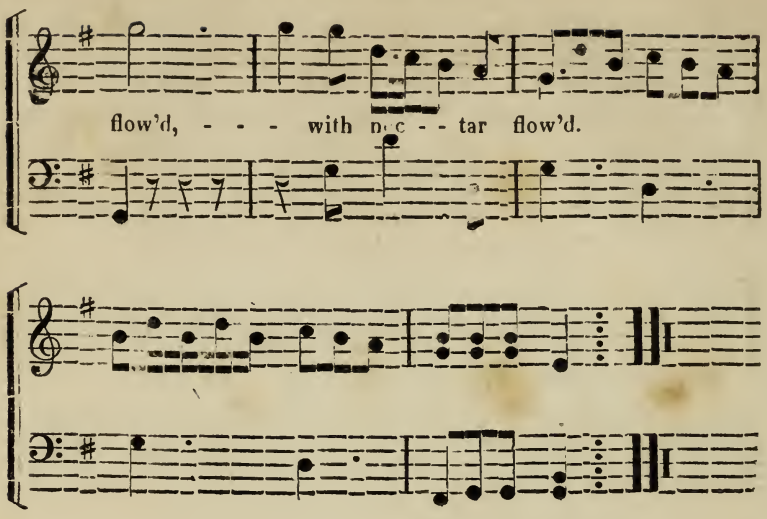
Mute stood the trembling fair,
Speechless with wild despair;
Then, striking her bosom bare,
Sigh'd out—"Poor Flora!
Ah! Donald! ah, well-a-day!"
Was all the fond heart could say:
At length the sound died away
Feebly in Mora.

HUMBLE ROOF.

A FAVOURITE AIR.



va - rious cares I strove; My grain was scarce, my
sheep were few, My all of life was love.
By mu - tual toil our
board was dress'd, The spring our drink be - stow'd; But
when her lips the brim had press'd, The cup with nectar



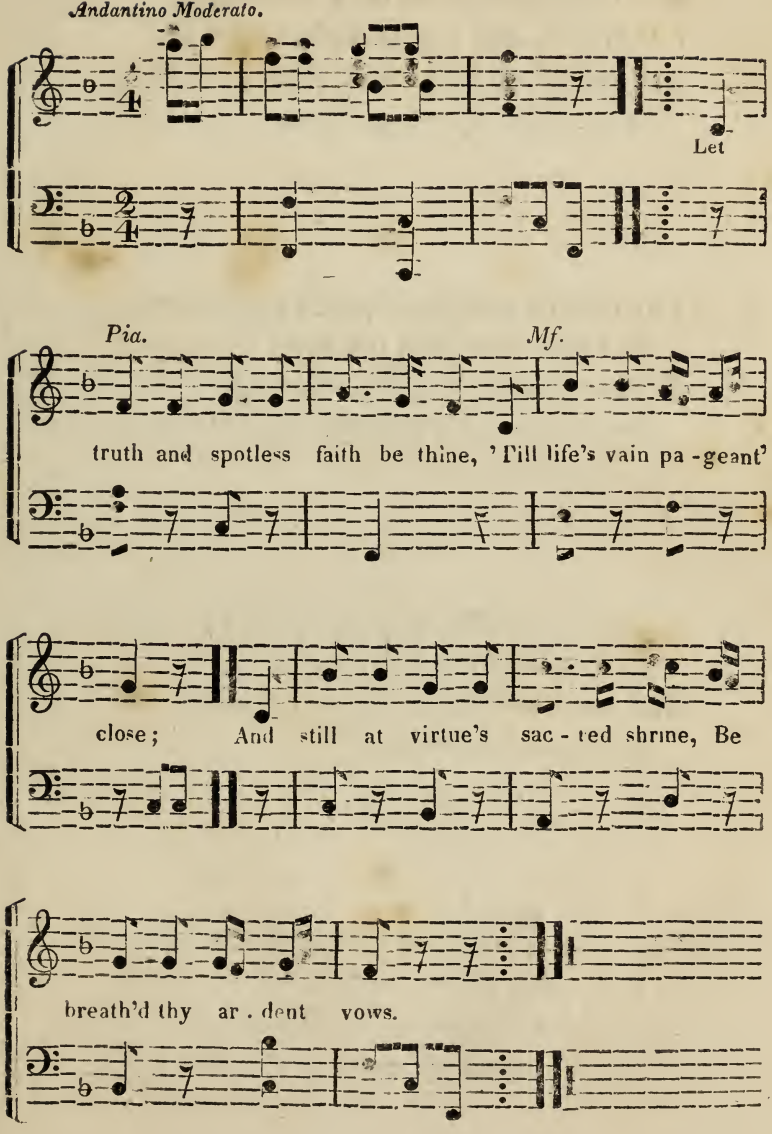
1.

When first this humble roof I knew,
With various cares I strove;
My grain was scarce, my sheep were few,
My all of life was love:
By mutual toil our board was dress'd,
The spring our drink bestow'd;
But when her lip the brim had press'd,
The cup with nectar flow'd.

2.

Content and peace the dwelling shar'd,
No other guest came nigh;
In them was giv'n, though gold was spar'd,
What gold can never buy:
No value has a splendid lot,
But as a mean to prove,
That from the castle to the cot,
The all of life is love.

FREE-MASON SONG.



1.

Let truth and spotless faith be thine,
Till life's vain pageants close;
And still at virtue's sacred shrine,
Be breath'd thy ardent vows.

2.

Thy pilgrim path with flow'rs shall bloom,
And sun-shine glad the day;
While undismay'd we eye the tomb,
And smile at life's decay.

3.

Content serene thy steps shall 'bide;
Fair maid of mien divine!
And sweet shall taste the crystal tide,
As cups of rosy wine.

4.

The slave to guilt still quakes with fear,
Tho' syren charms invite;—
No joy, his languid day shall cheer,
No soft repose the night.

5.

In vain shall spring revive the plain,
And glad the vocal grove;
The breast, where baser passions reign,
No vernal raptures move.

6.

He shudders at the whisp'ring breeze,
Appall'd with guilt and fear,
In vain the dream of life shall cease;—
Nor end his terrors there!

7.

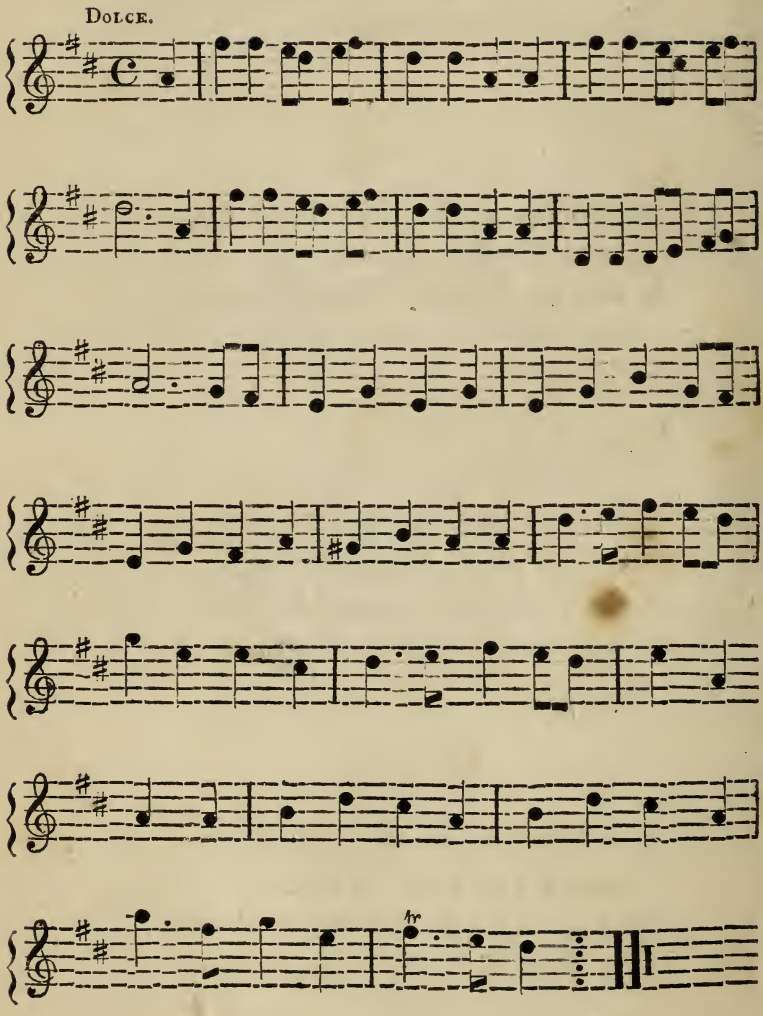
O then, let truth and faith be thine,
Till life's vain prospects fade;
And still at virtue's sacred shrine
Thy ardent vows be paid.

8.

So shall the friends we leave below,
Bedew with tears our tomb;
And round the freshest sod shall grow,
And choicest flow'rs shall bloom!

THE ROSARY.

FOR THE FLUTE.



THE

MUSICAL CABINET,

CONTAINING

A SELECTION

OF

ALL THE NEW AND FASHIONABLE

SONGS.

ARRANGED FOR THE VOICE AND PIANO FORTE.

CHARLESTOWN:
PUBLISHED BY T. M. BAKER,
At his Circulating Library, Maine Street.

.....
1822.

from pp. 165-176
of, No. 1 in ** M. 373.31
(Obtained off contents
on the Contents page.)

Frank S. Collins.
April 28, 1906.

BOSTON: PRINTED BY THOMAS BADGER, JR.
No. 10 Merchants' Hall.

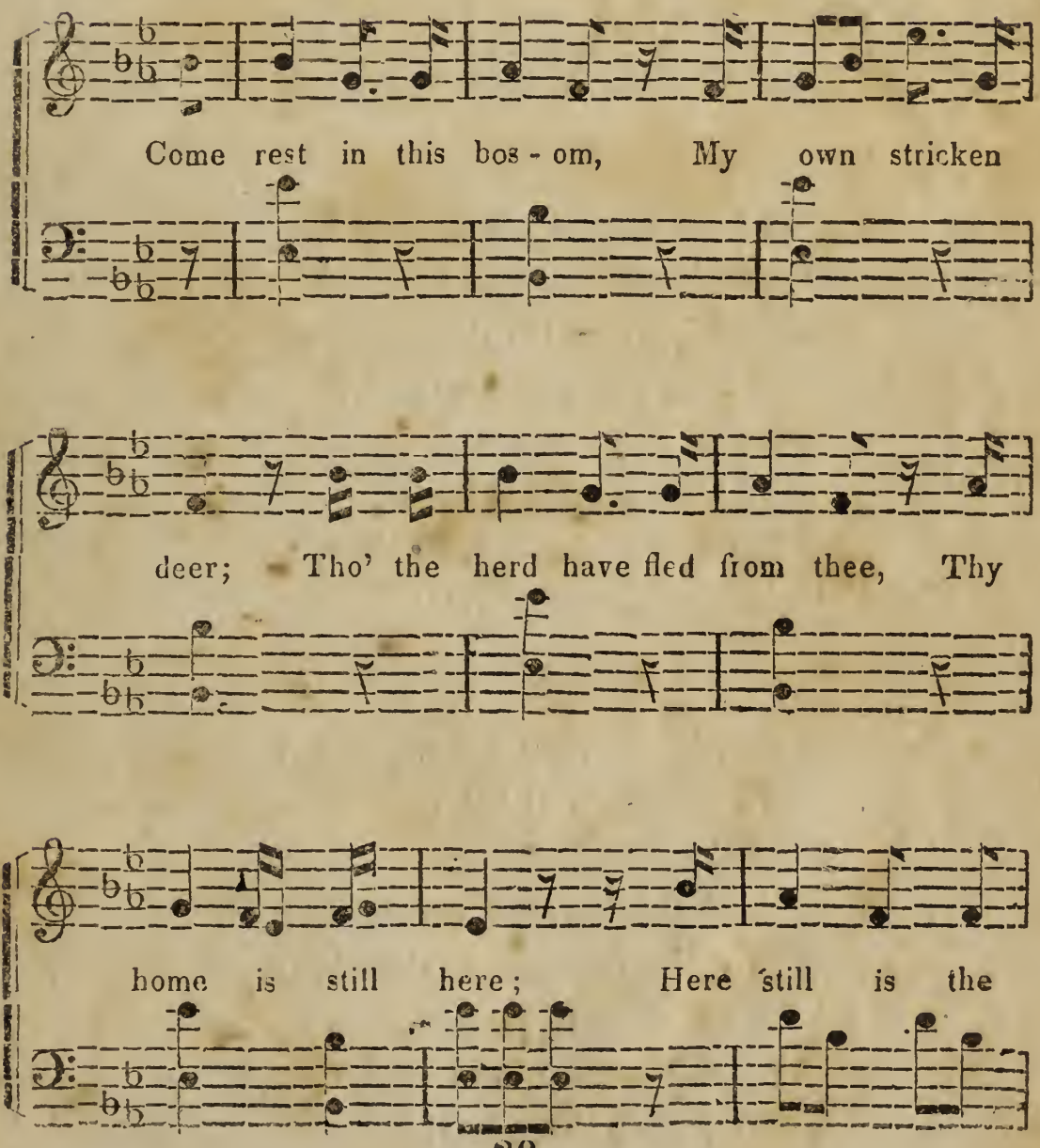
CONTENTS.

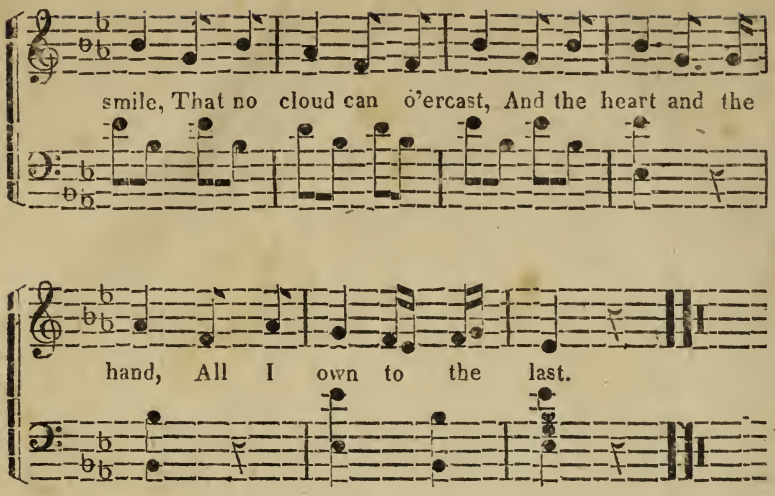
A favourite glee, - - - - - - - - 111
Ah ! sure a pair, - - - - - - - - 5
Ah ! tell me why, - - - - - - - - 11
A Highland lad my love was born, - - - - 136
Auld Robin Gray, - - - - - - - - 69
A soldier's gratitude, - - - - - - - 216
Beside a fountain's border, - - - - - - 240
Blue ey'd Mary, - - - - - - - - 45
Bounding billows, - - - - - - - - 200
Catch, - - - - - - - - - 155
Charlie is my darling, - - - - - - - 221
Chorus jigg, - - - - - - - - 162
Come rest in this bosom ! - - - - - - 229
Cynthia's cottage, - - - - - - - 174
Day of glory, - - - - - - - - 59
Donald and Flora, - - - - - - - 136
Drink to me only, - - - - - - - 50
Eagle wings, - - - - - - - - 119
Exult not, dear maid, - - - - - - - 176
Fanny dearest, - - - - - - - - 72
Free Mason's song, - - - - - - - 193
Had I a heart, - - - - - - - - 169
Hark ! the goddess Diana ! - - - - - - 203
Henry, - - - - - - - - - 101
Humble roof, - - - - - - - - 190
I am wearing awa', - - - - - - - 25
In my cottage near the wood, - - - - - 115
It is not the tear, - - - - - - - 37
Jack's discoveries, - - - - - - - 146
Jessie, the flower of O'Dumblane, - - - - 89
La Shew, - - - - - - - - 35
Life's a bumper, - - - - - - - - 206
Little Sally, - - - - - - - - 171
Love has eyes, - - - - - - - - 16
Love and time, - - - - - - - - 41
Mabelle coquette, - - - - - - - - 104
Money musk, - - - - - - - - 163
Mutual love, - - - - - - - - 254

Oh! say not woman's love, - - - - - 72
O my love's like the red rose, - - - - 142
O thou, whose notes, - - - - - - 66
O yes, when the bloom, - - - - - - 197
Paddy Carey's fortune, - - - - - 245
Rise Cynthia, - - - - - - - 126
Robin Adair, - - - - - - - 157
Rose of love, - - - - - - - 133
Roy's wife, - - - - - - - - 212
Rural life, - - - - - - - - 236
Sandy and Jenny, - - - - - - 226
Strew the way, - - - - - - - 238
The bird let loose, - - - - - - 231
The cabin boy, - - - - - - - 7
The invitation, - - - - - - - 234
The knight errant, - - - - - - 13
The Tyrolese song, - - - - - - 20
The soldier's bride, - - - - - - 29
The Murderer's bride, - - - - - 32
The skater's song, - - - - - - 52
The sailor's last whistle, - - - - - 55
The poor orphan maid, - - - - - 63
The maid of Mona, - - - - - - 35
The death of general Abercrombie, - - - 93
The meeting of the waters, - - - - - 121
The streamlet, - - - - - - - 124
The wood robin, - - - - - - - 139
The queen of the May, - - - - - 151
The woodlands, - - - - - - - 165
The light house, - - - - - - - 178
The harp of love, - - - - - - 181
The request, - - - - - - - 183
The Rosary, - - - - - - - 196
The flow'ret gem, - - - - - - 224
They're a' noddin, - - - - - - 108
Those evening bells, - - - - - - 117
'Tis but fancy's sketch, - - - - - 23
Trip to Nahant, - - - - - - - 160
We come, we come! - - - - - - 219
While gazing on the moon's light, - - - 144
Wreaths for the chieftain, - - - - - 77
With verdant wreaths, - - - - - - 243

COME REST IN THIS BOSOM!

ANDANTE.





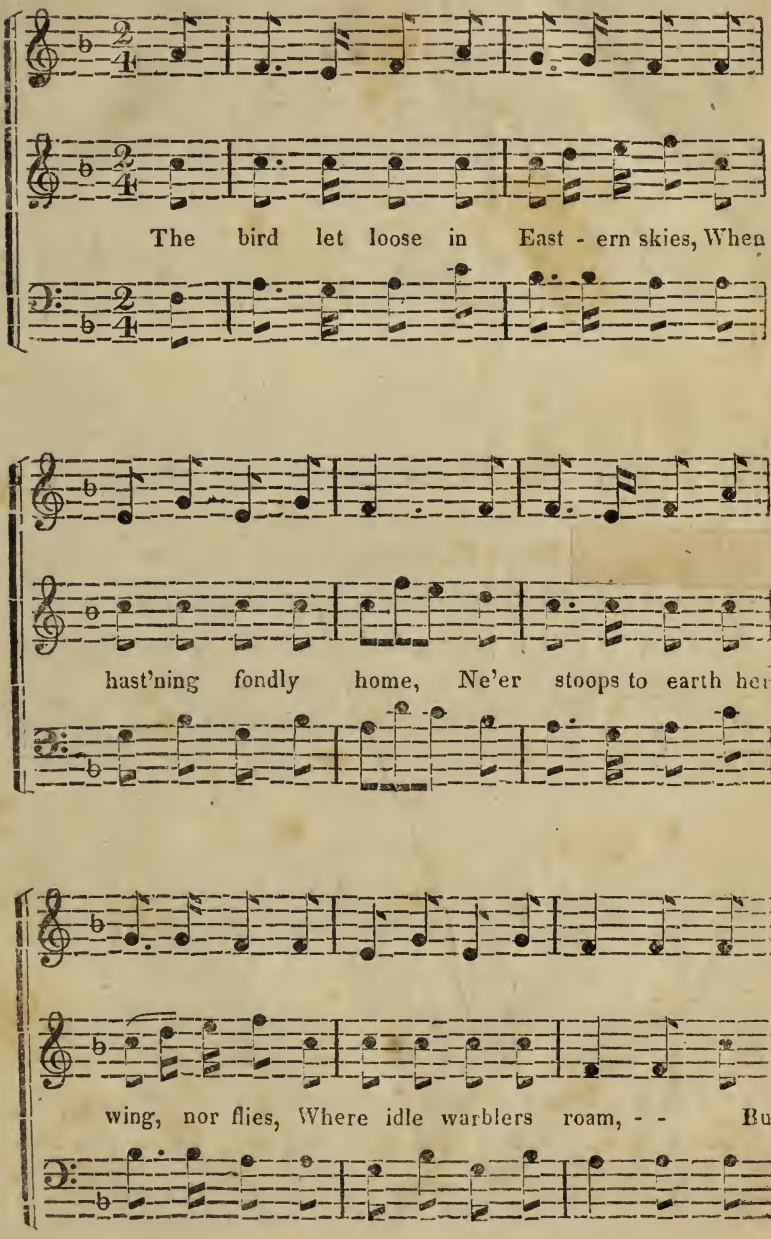
2.

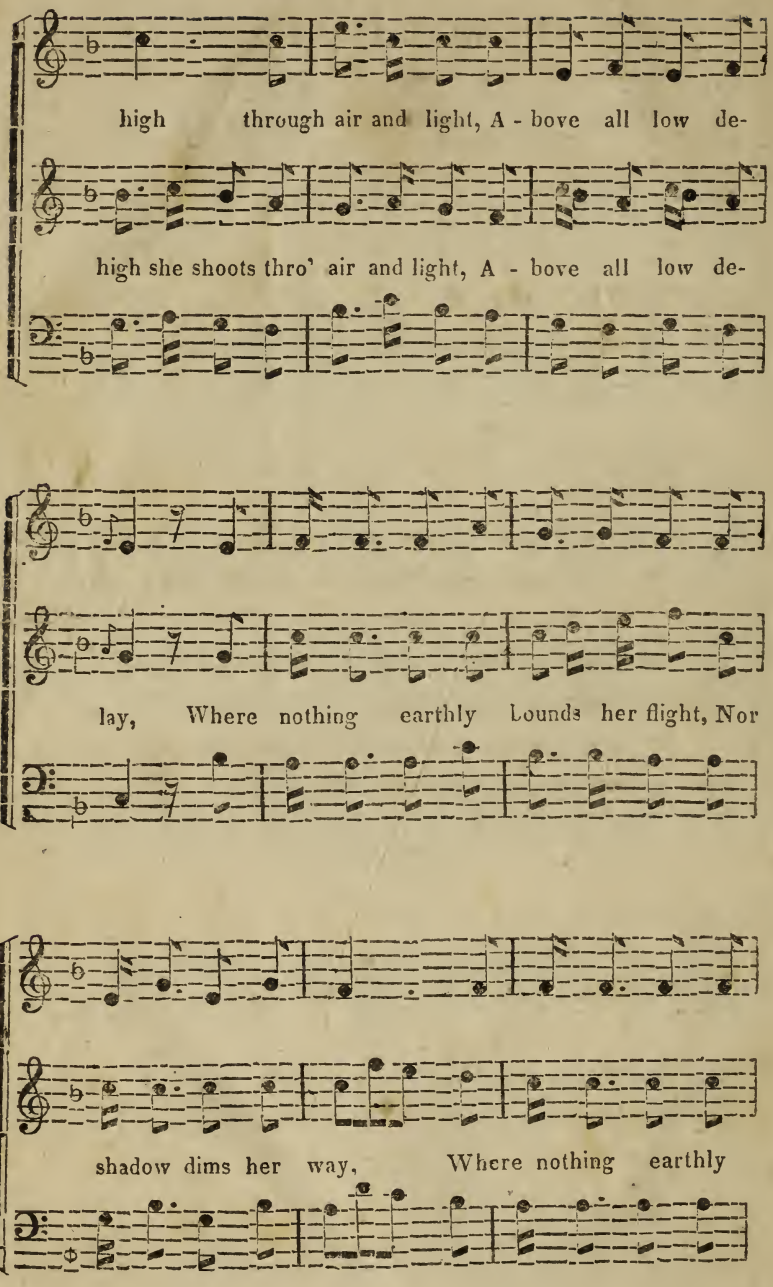
Oh! what was love made for,
If 'tis not the same,
Thro' joy and thro' torments,
Thro' glory and shame?
I know not I ask not,
If guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee,
Whatever thou art!

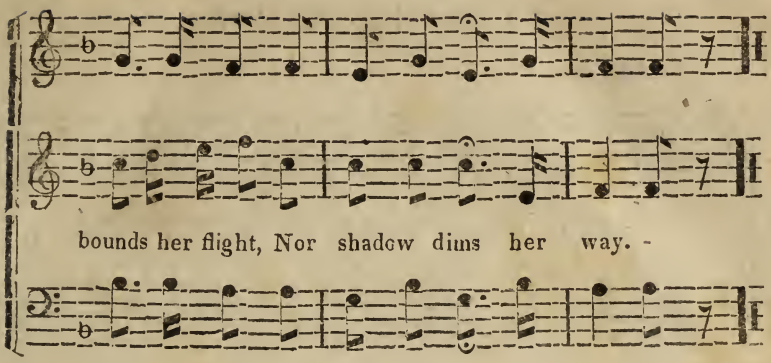
3.

Thou hast call'd me thy angel,
In moments of bliss—
Still thy angel I'll be,
Mid the horrors of this—
Thro' the furnace, unshrinking,
Thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee,
Or perish there too!

THE BIRD LET LOOSE.


The bird let loose in East - ern skies, When
hast'ning fondly home, Ne'er stoops to earth her
wing, nor flies, Where idle warblers roam, - - But


high through air and light, A - bove all low de-
high she shoots thro' air and light, A - bove all low de-
lay, Where nothing earthly bounds her flight, Nor
shadow dims her way, Where nothing earthly



1.

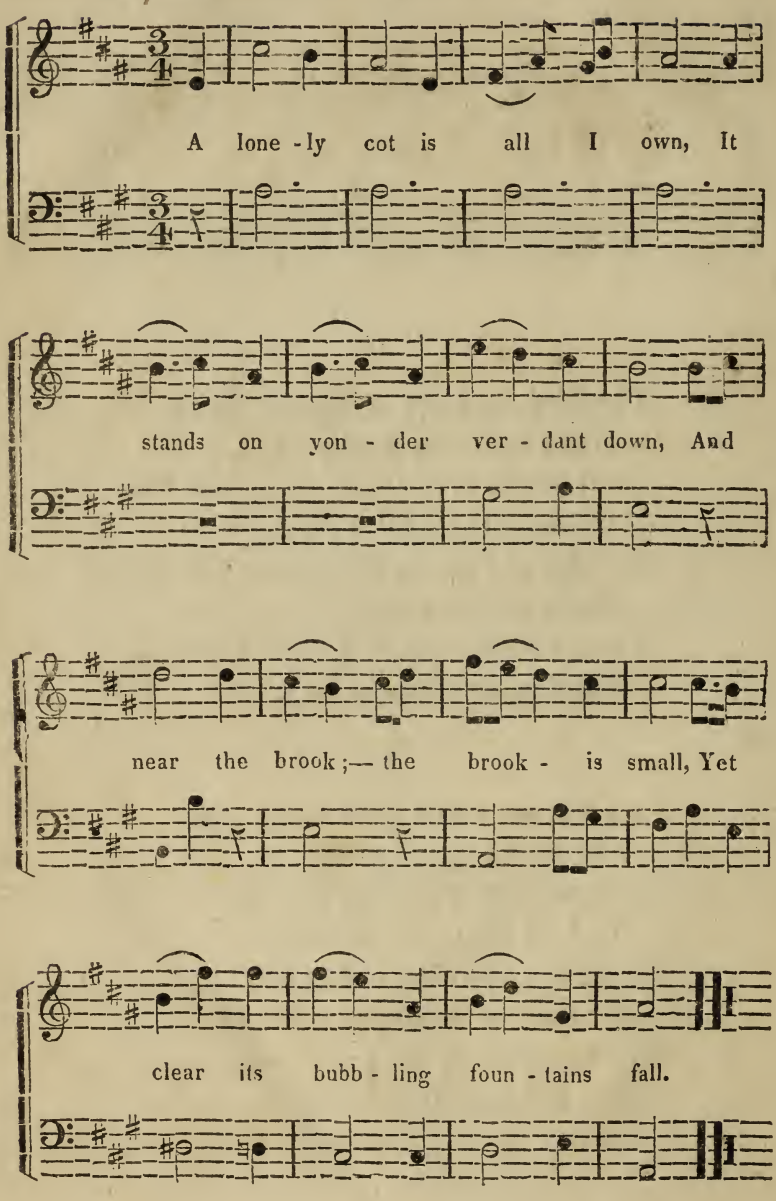
The Bird, let loose in Eastern skies,
When hast'ning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies,
Where idle warblers roam.
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

2.

So grant me, GOD, from every care,
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through Virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to Thee!
No sin to cloud—no lure to stay
My Soul, as home she springs;
Thy Sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy Freedom in her wings!

THE INVITATION.

ANDANTE.


A lone-ly cot is all I own, It
stands on yon-der ver-dant down, And
near the brook;— the brook- is small, Yet
clear its bubb-ling foun-tains fall.

1.

A LONELY cot is all I own :
It stands on yonder verdant down;
And near the brook;—the brook is small,
Yet clear its bubbling fountains fall!

2.

A spreading beech uprears it head,
And half conceals the humble shed:
From chilling winds a safe retreat;
A refuge from the noon-tide heat!

3.

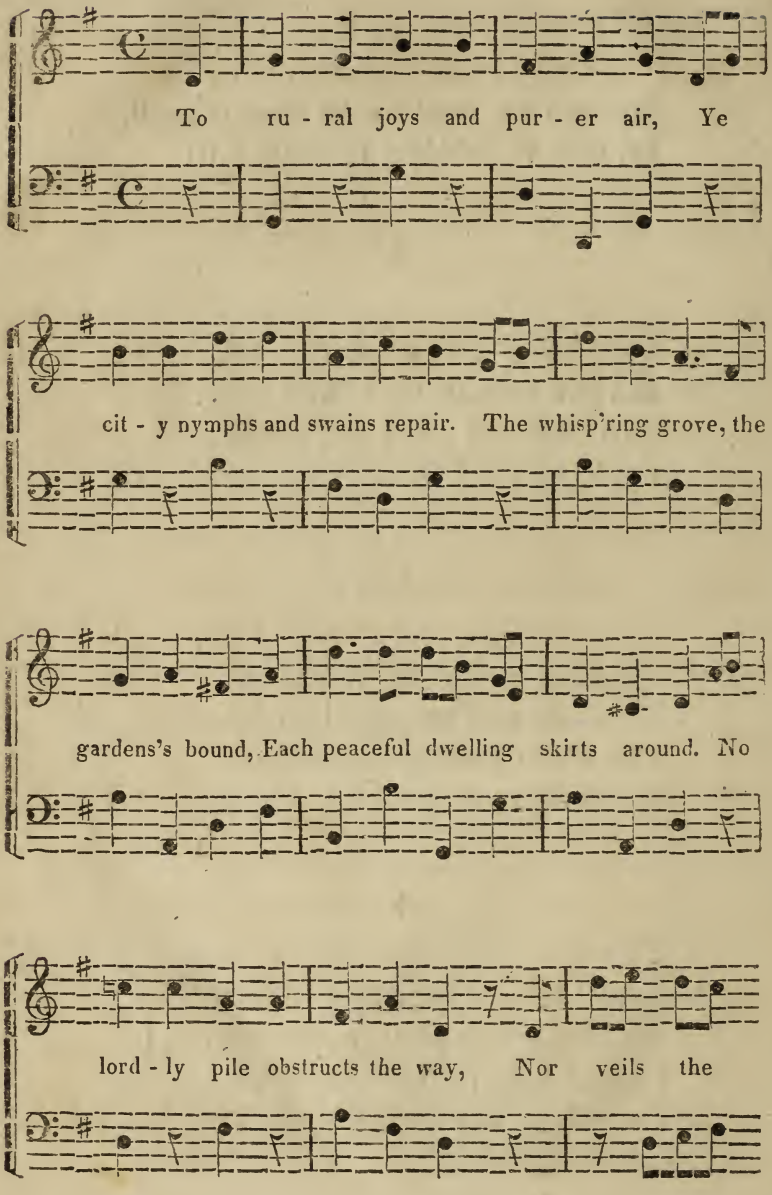
And on its boughs the nightingale
So sweetly tells her plaintive tale,
That oft the passing rustics stray,
With loit'ring step to catch the lay!

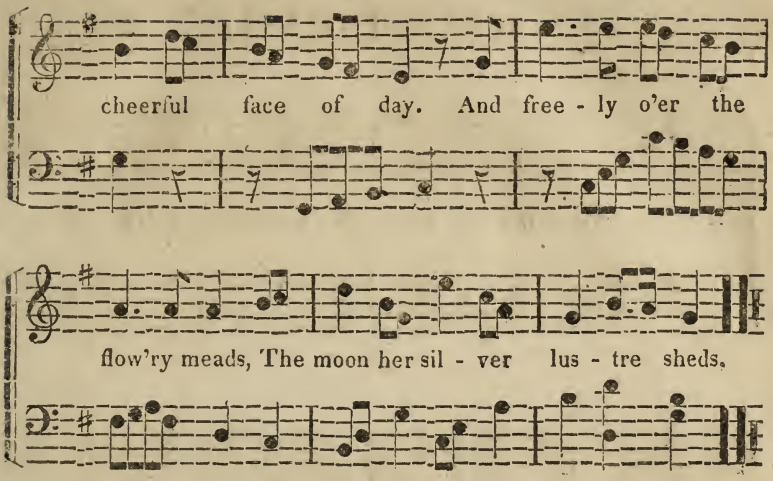
4.

Sweet blue-ey'd maid with locks so fair,
My heart's dear pride, my fondest care!
I hie me home;—the storm doth low'r.
Come share, sweet maid, my shelt'ring bower!

RURAL LIFE.

MODERATO.


To ru - ral joys and pur - er air, Ye
cit - y nymphs and swains repair. The whisp'ring grove, the
gardens's bound, Each peaceful dwelling skirts around. No
lord - ly pile obstructs the way, Nor veils the



2.

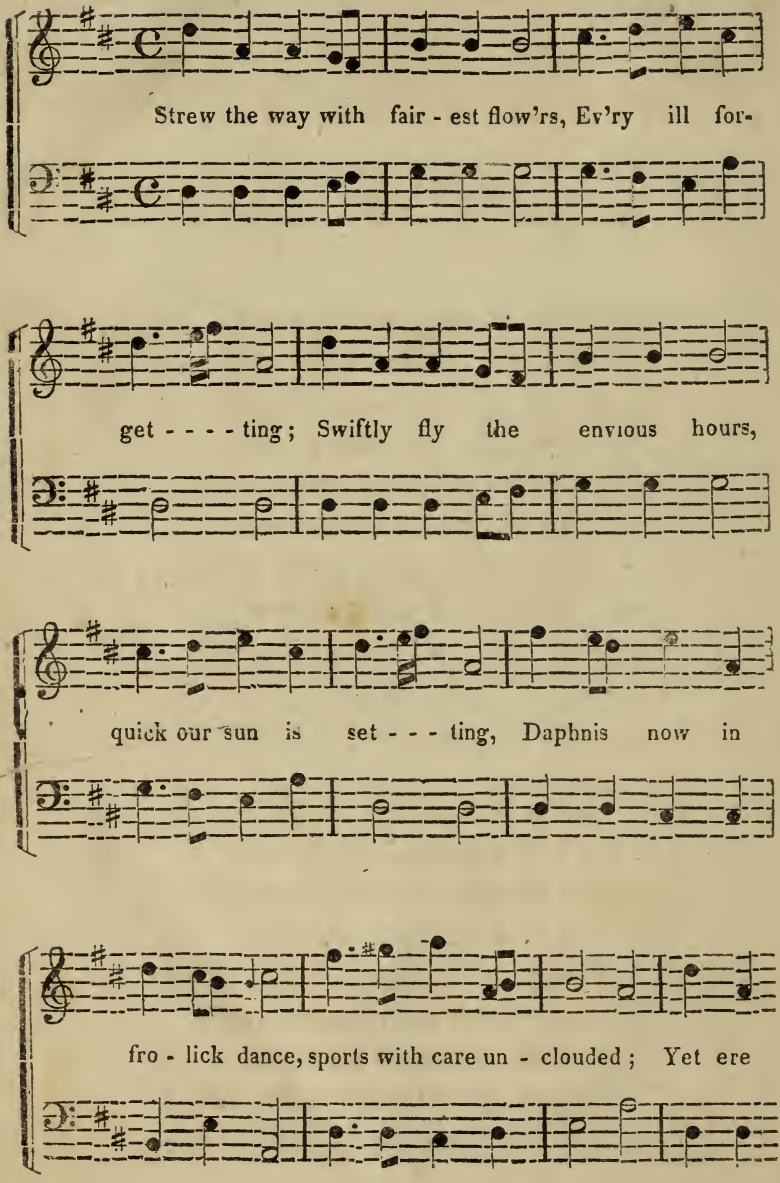
At early morn the villager
Resumes his daily pleasing care,
For him the vernal landscape blooms,
For him the hawthorn sheds perfumes;
His borders glow with many a flow'r,
The nightingale awakes his bow'r,
The bee prepares her nectar'd hoard,
And fair Pomona decks his board.

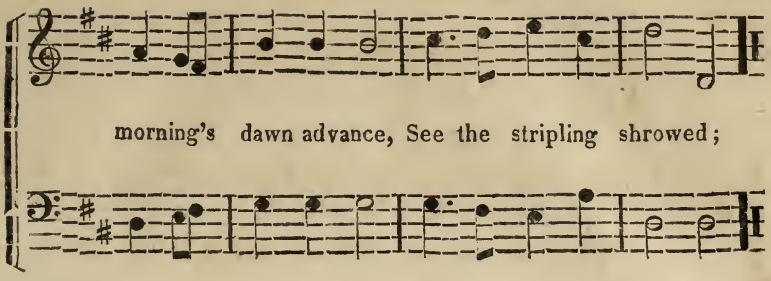
3.

Then hither hie, ye courtly train,
And share the pleasures of the plain;
Forsake the city's irksome glare,
And leave behind each sordid care.
Let Love alone your breast invade,
Fit inmate of the rural shade;
Haste here, your tender vows declare,
And soon shall yield the soft'ned fair.

STREW THE WAY.

VIVACE.


Strew the way with fair - est flow'rs, Ev'ry ill for-
get - - - - ting; Swiftly fly the envious hours,
quick our sun is set - - - ting, Daphnis now in
fro - lick dance, sports with care un - clouded; Yet ere



2.

See, in Hymen's joyous band,
Blushing Phœbe plighting,
See, ere ev'ning's dews expand,
Death her eyes benighting;
Give then grief, and moping care,
To the breeze that passes;
'Neath this beechen grove so fair,
Quaff the jingling glasses.

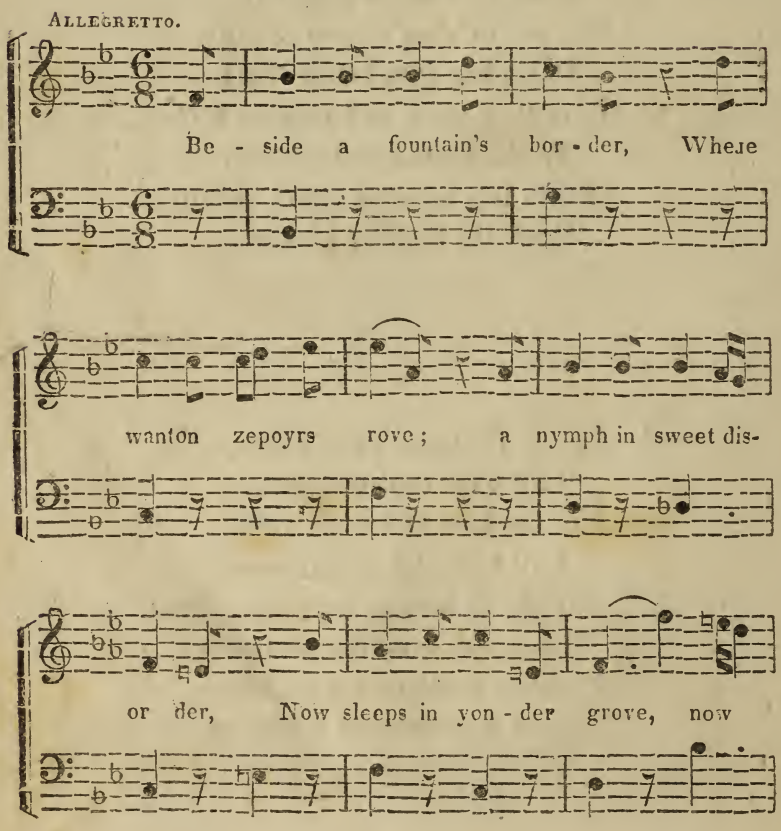
3.

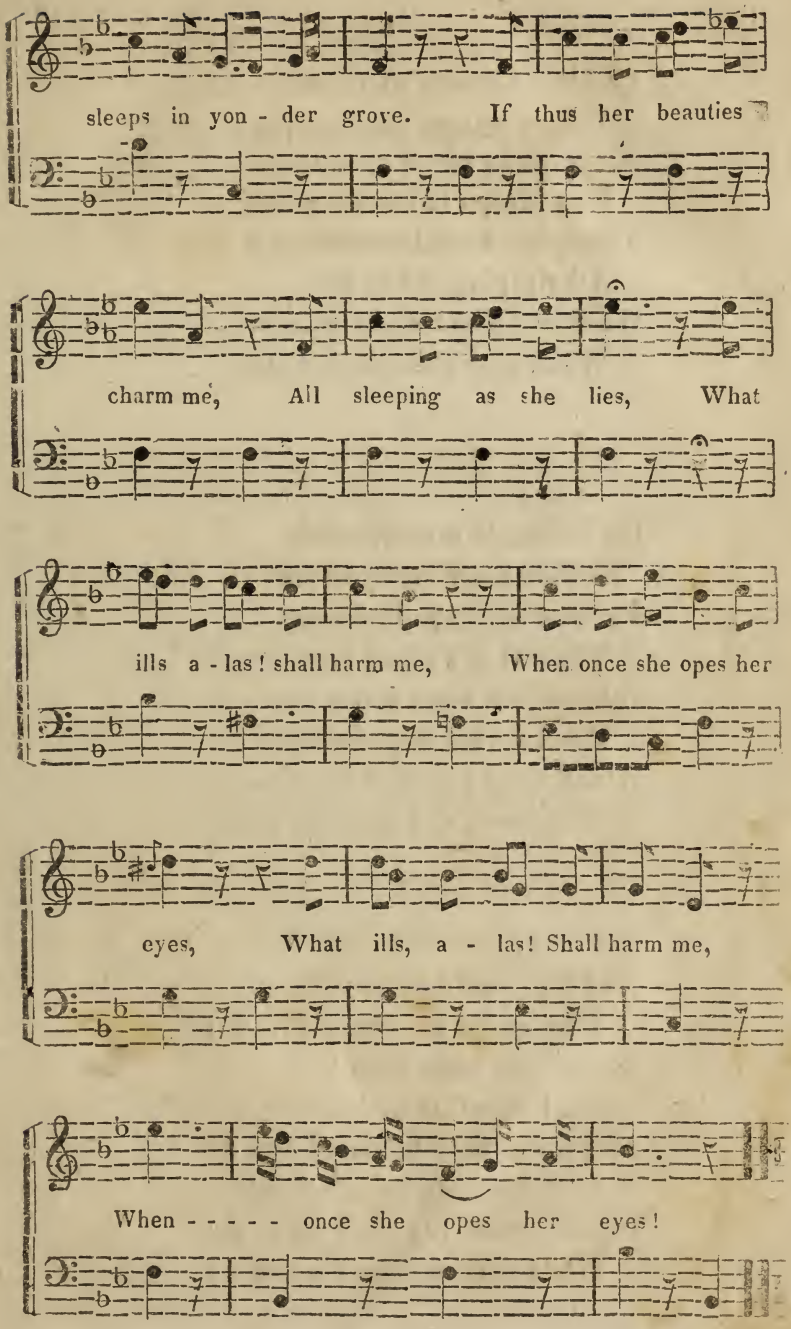
Let no Philomel's soft strain,
Trill neglected numbers,
Nor the hum of bees in vain,
Lull to soothing slumbers:
Snatch, as long as fortune smiles,
Love and drinking pleasures;
Ruthless death no art beguiles,
Soon he steals our treasures.

4.

O'er the dark and silent grave,
Where his prey reposes,
Vain their wings the zephyrs wave,
Scatt'ring breath of roses;
Vain the glasses tinkling sound,
Death's dull ear invading,
Vain the frolic dance around,
Deftest measures treading.

BESIDE A FOUNTAIN'S BORDER.


ALLEGRETTO.
Be - side a fountain's bor - der, Where
wanton zepoyrs rove; a nymph in sweet dis-
or der, Now sleeps in yon - der grove, now


sleeps in yon - der grove. If thus her beauties
charm me, All sleeping as she lies, What
ills a - las! shall harm me, When once she opes her
eyes, What ills, a - las! Shall harm me,
When - - - - - once she opes her eyes!

1.

Beside a fountain's border,
Where wanton zephyrs rove,
A nymph in sweet disorder,
Now sleeps in yonder grove.
If thus her beauties charm me,
All sleeping as she lies,
What ills, alas! shall harm me,
When once she opes her eyes.

2.

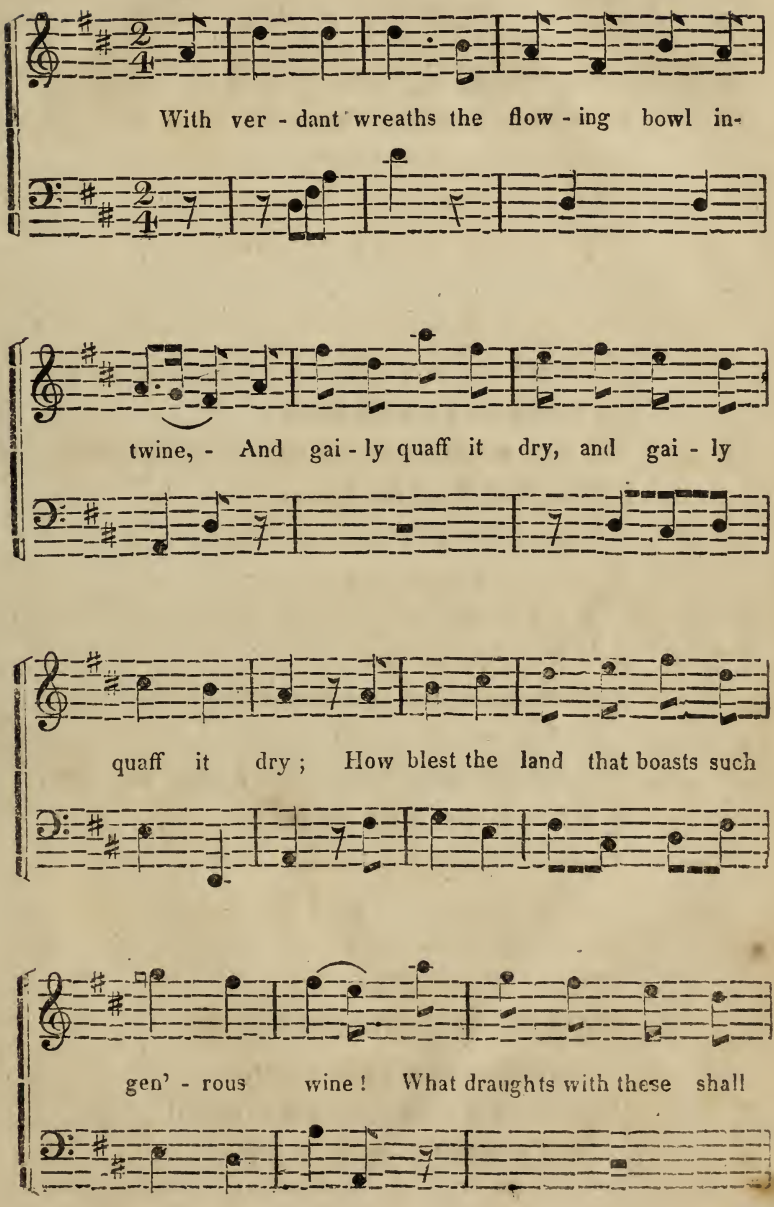
On her white arm reposing,
Reclines her lovely cheek,
Far sweeter tints disclosing,
Than May's sweet mornings deck.
What tender fears alarm me,
What tender hopes arise—
Alas! what ills shall harm me,
When once she opes her eyes.

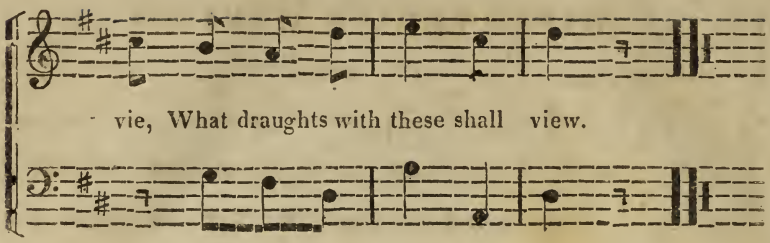
3.

And fain would I discover,
What pains my breast invade;
But ah, too timid lover!
My lips refuse their aid.
May Love with boldness arm me,
And check desponding sighs,
Or, oh! what ills shall harm me,
When once she opes her eyes!

WITH VERDANT WREATHS.

ALLEGRO.


With ver - dant wreaths the flow - ing bowl in-
twine, - And gai - ly quaff it dry, and gai - ly
quaff it dry; How blest the land that boasts such
gen' - rous wine! What draughts with these shall



2.

Nor need our steps to distant Hung'ry tend,
Nor yet to Gallia roam;
Let him who likes, so far for liquor send,—
We find it nearer home.

3.

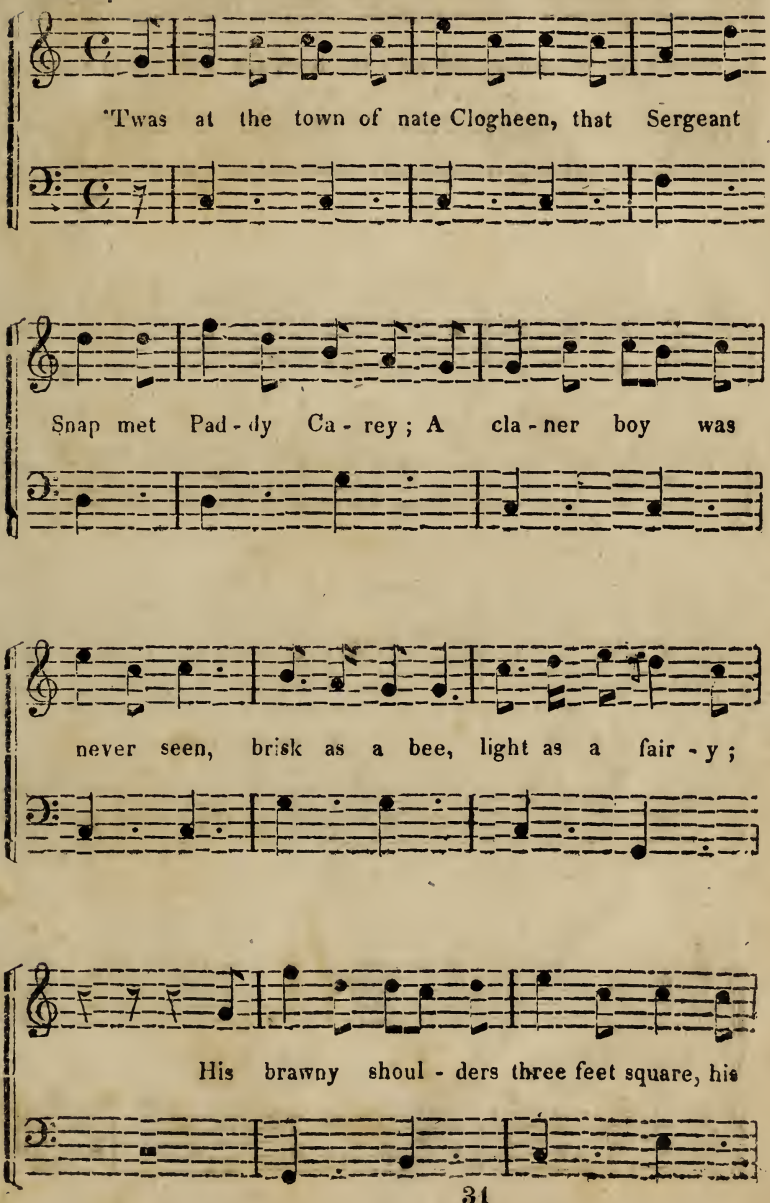
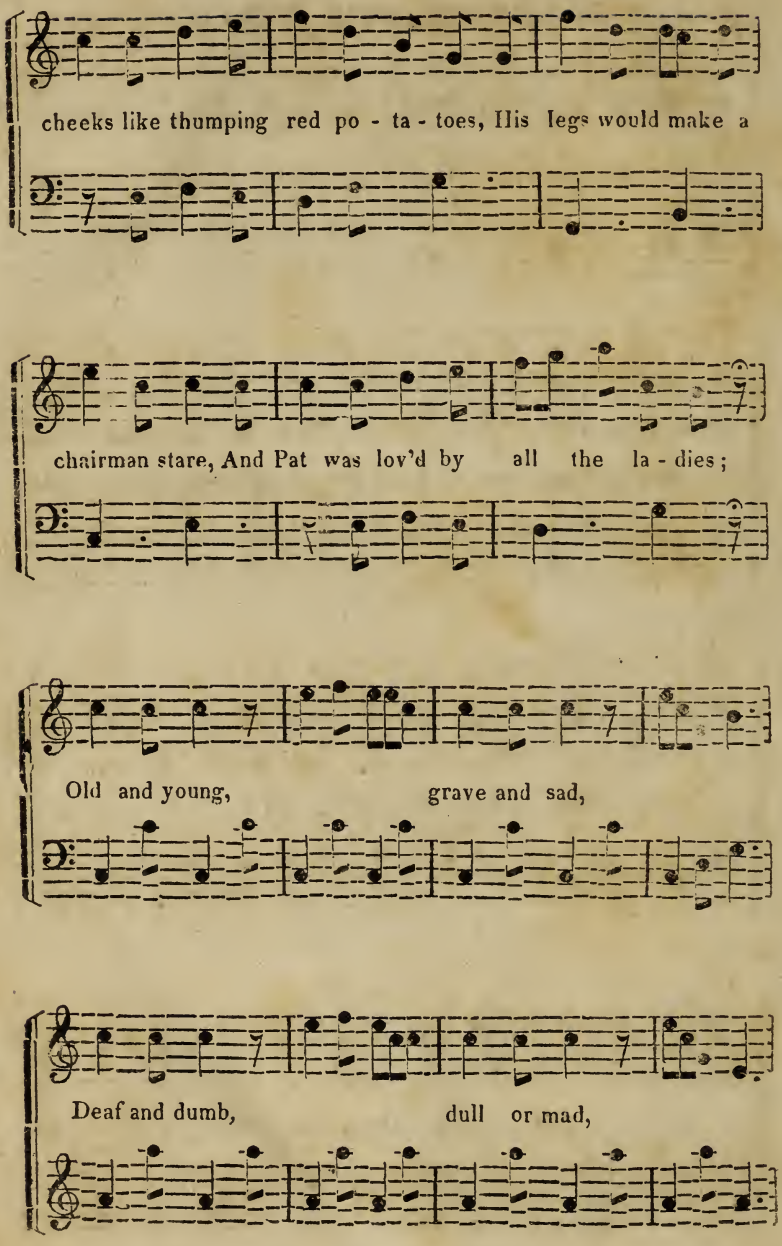
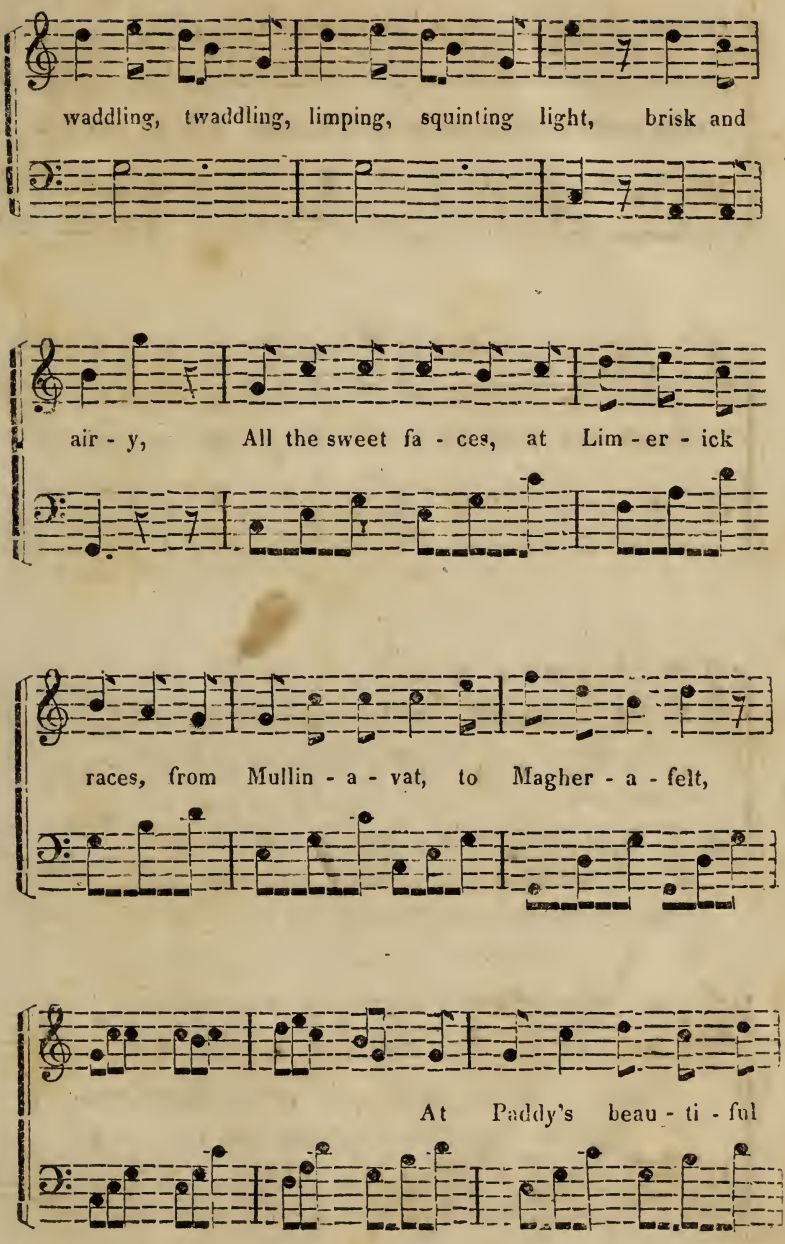
Our German hills the bounteous juice supply,
And hence its worth so rare!
Dear native land, beneath thy temp'rate sky,
What varied gifts we share!

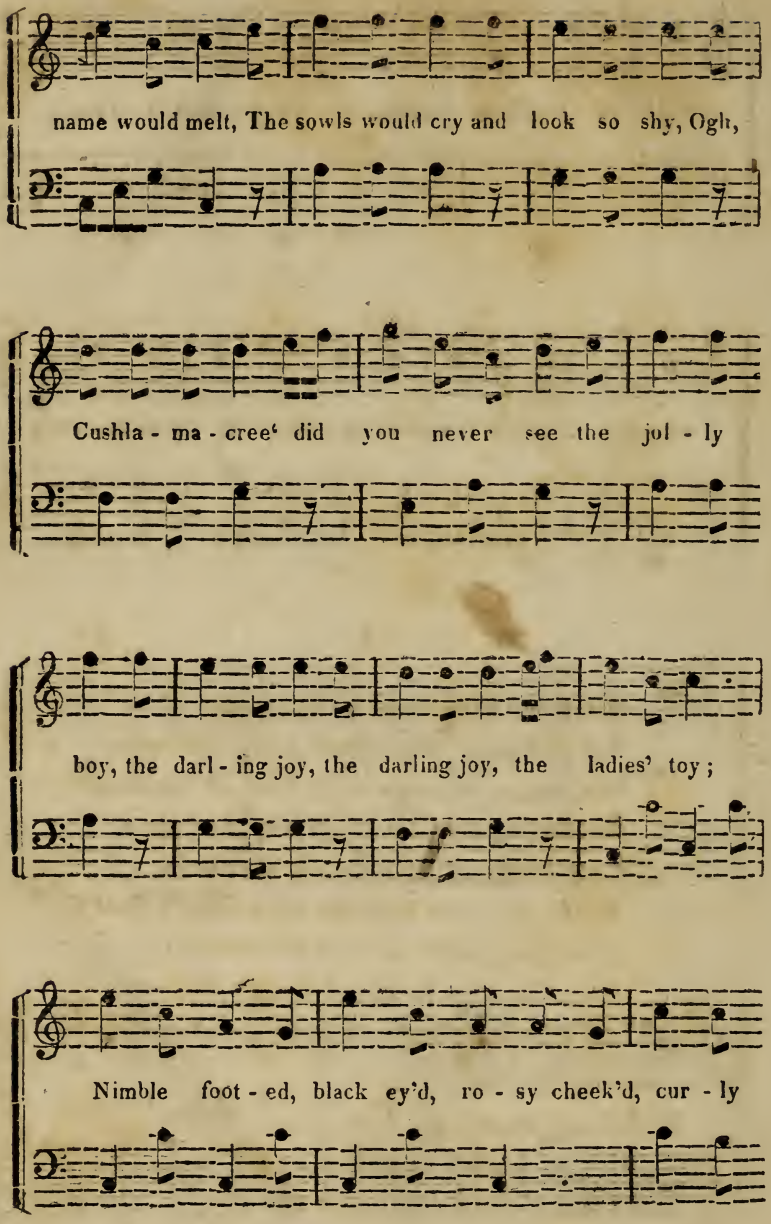
4.

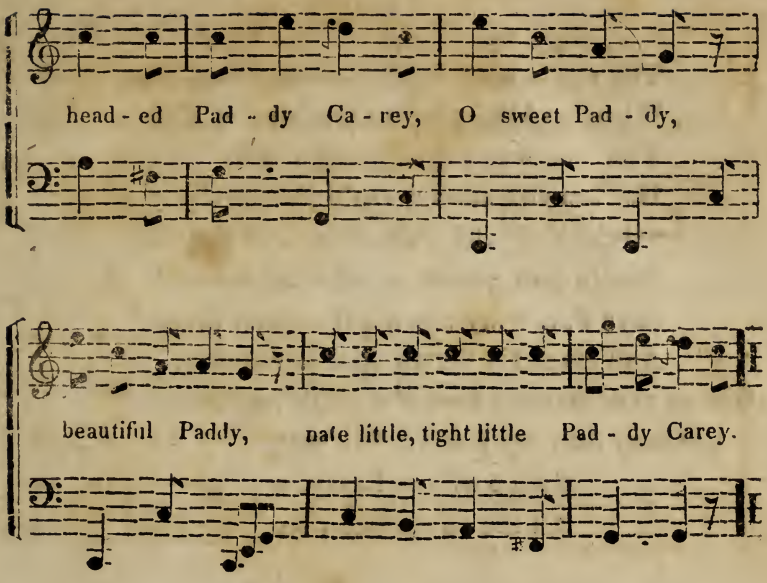
Nor yet through all Germania does it grow,
Where many a barren hill,
And many a rock uplifts its rugged brow,
Not worth the place they fill.

PADDY CAREY'S FORTUNE,

LIVELY.


'Twas at the town of nate Clogheen, that Sergeant
Snap met Pad - dy Ca - rey; A cla - ner boy was
never seen, brisk as a bee, light as a fair - y;
His brawny shoul - ders three feet square, his

cheeks like thumping red po - ta - toes, His legs would make a
chairman stare, And Pat was lov'd by all the la - dies;
Old and young, grave and sad,
Deaf and dumb, dull or mad,

waddling, twaddling, limping, squinting light, brisk and
air - y, All the sweet fa - ces, at Lim - er - ick
races, from Mullin - a - vat, to Magher - a - felt,
At Paddy's beau - ti - ful


name would melt, The sowls would cry and look so shy, Ogh,
Cushla - ma - cree' did you never see the jol - ly
boy, the darl - ing joy, the darling joy, the ladies' toy;
Nimble foot - ed, black ey'd, ro - sy cheek'd, cur - ly



2.

His heart was made of Irish oak,
Yet soft as streams from sweet Killarney,
His tongue was tipt with a bit o' the brogue,
But the deuce a bit at all the blarney.
Now Sergeant Snap so sly and keen,
While Pat was coaxing duck-legg'd Mary,
A shilling slip't so neat and clean,
By th' pow'rs he listed Paddy Carey—
Tight and sound, strong and light, cheeks so round, eyes so bright,
Whistling, humming, drinking, drumming,
Light, tight and airy.
All the sweet faces, &c.

3.

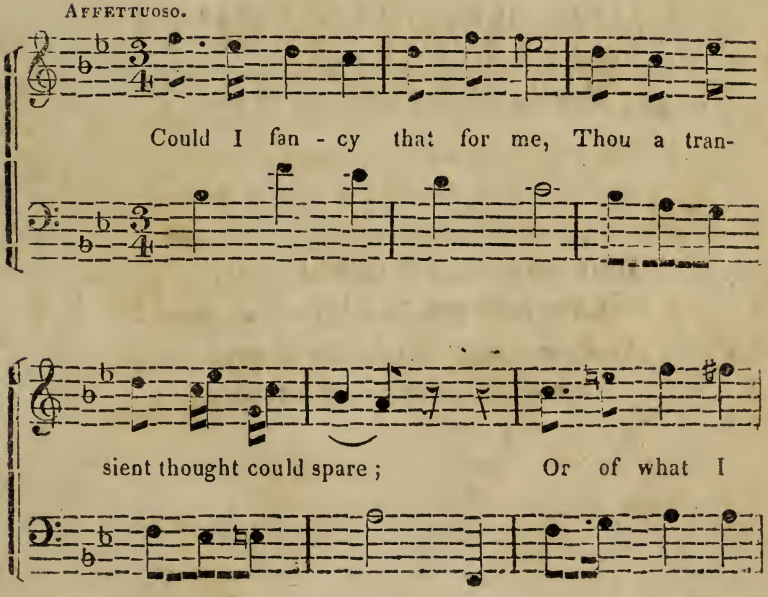
The sowls wept loud, the crowd was great,
When waddling forth came widow Leary,
Tho' she was crippl'd in her gait,
Her brawny arms grasp'd Paddy Carey ;
"Ogh, Pat" she cry'd, "go buy the ring,
Here's cash golore, my darling honey."
Says Pat, "my sowl, I'll do that thing,"
And clapt his thumb upon her money.
Gimlet eye, sausage nose, Pat so sly, ogle throws,
Leering, titt'ring, jeering, fritt'ring,
Sweet widow Leary,
All the sweet faces, &c.

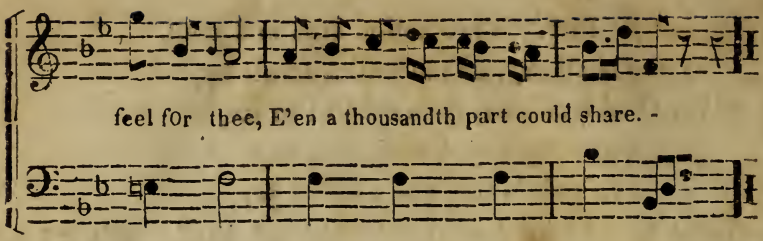
4.

When Pat had thus his fortune made,
He press'd the lips of Mistress Leary,
And mounting straight a large cockade,
In captain's boots struts Paddy Carey.
He grateful prais'd her shape, her back,
To others like a dromedary,
Her eyes that seem'd their strings to crack,
Where Cupid's darts to Captain Carey.
Neat and sweet, no alloy, all complete, love and joy,
Ranting, roaring, soft adoring,
Dear widow Leary,
All the sweet faces at Lim'rick races,
From Mullinavat to Magherafelt,

At Paddy's promotion sigh and melt,
The sowls all cry, as the groom struts by,
Ogh, Cushlamacree, thou art lost to me,
The jolly boy, the darling boy,
The lady's toy, the widows joy,
Long sword girted, neat short skirted, head crop't, whis-
[kers cropped,
Captain Carey,
O sweet Paddy,
Beautiful Paddy,
White feather'd, boot leather'd, Paddy Carey,

MUTUAL LOVE.





2.

When I greet thee, would'st thou deign,
One kind look, to bid me live;
Or, one kiss return again,
Sweet return for those I give.

3.

All dissolv'd in tender joy,
High my raptur'd heart would beat;
Fondly at thy feet I sigh,
Fondly call my bondage sweet.

4.

Dear the change of mutual vows,
Love return'd, new love shall claim;
And the spark that faintly glows,
Soon shall blaze an ardent flame.

Elizabeth Cabot

1st Class

2d Div.n

Hancock School

Hanover St

Boston

From her Brother

Henry Cabot

Toulouse

France

European

Jo. Simonds Jr Esq

of Hipotaky

Gold.

Hon. Jack Downing

Member of Congress

Daniel